THE ALTERNATIVE

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THE ALTERNATIVE to bare the witness and the truth.

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Published remarkably without regard to race, color, creed, or (most redundantly of all) national origin — and yes, sex, even sex.

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The Continuing Crisis

● Reports that Kentucky Fried Chicken, Inc. negotiated with the American Independent Party to fund the AIP's national convention in Flame City, Arkansas have been indignantly denied by Mr. Tom Turnipseed, a close associate of Governor George C. Wallace. On February 28 President Nixon and Chou En-lai, Red China's number two man, issued a joint communique calling for American withdrawal from Nationalist China. Exactly one week later a curious organization going by the name of the Lone Star Gas Company reported that it had drilled the world's deepest hole some six miles into the earth near Elk City, Oklahoma.

● King Hussein's plan to ease the Arab-Israeli imbroglio may be unnecessary after all. An American political scientist, Mr. Gerald L.K. Smith, has announced his intention to "recreate the Holy Land" replete with thirty-five shrines, a Sea of Galilee and a Jordan River. The site for the new Middle East will be near Eureka Springs, Arkansas, according to Mr. Smith.

● Apparently the media have been left nearly speechless by the March 7 New Hampshire primary, for all but unreported was the story that Vice President Agnew received 45,000 write-in votes, breaking all records for the event and finishing ahead of all contestants except Mr. Nixon. Mr. Muskie won the Democratic race. Lamentably the Administration continued its rightward lurch when Mr. Nixon demanded a more conservative use of "secret" and "top secret" classifications for government red tape. The March 14 Florida primary gave a boost to the presidential aspirations of Governor Wallace who received forty-two per cent of the vote. Tweaking historians as well as pollsters, GCW claimed his victory marked "the turning point in the political history of this country" (a reference to United States). Mr. Pat Brady, the erstwhile colleague of Mr. and Mrs. Roy Rogers, passed away and Mr. Howard Hughes moved to Vancouver, British Columbia as Senator Humphrey's candidacy gained momentum.

● Evidence of the perils of tobacco continued to accumulate. A British researcher, Dr. Ivor Feldstein, reported that the weed intensifies snoring. Yet, inscrutable as it may sound, the Department of Agriculture divulged that in 1971 cigarette smoking was more popular than ever, as was bedwetting — according to the findings of psychologist Leopold Vertenbergher.

● History was made quietly in Geneva, Switzerland where the renowned Geneva Disarmament talks ran on into their tenth year. On March 23 the Amer-

(continued on page 23)

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Editorial

Hard Times for Endangered Species

TODAY AN URGENT missive bestirred the stillness of this distinguished editorial sanctum. It seems that one of those Pecksniffian cliques, which periodically gathers to do good at the expense of the less sensitive majority, has discovered that the white rhinoceros, the lowland gorilla, the snow leopard, the monkey-eating eagle, the spectacled bear, the coppery-tailed trogon, the Arabian oryx, the okapi, the orangutan and the Pere David deer all share a common predicament with Chiang Kai-shek and the Galapagos tortoise—their prospects are not encouraging.

Progress in the healing arts has been a blessing for the Homo sapiens but a cruel bane for the prairie chicken. The very same population explosion that has mankind in a pother, has conduced to population implosion for the less intellectual of the earth's creatures. For New Yorkers, congestion may be an annoyance, but for the whooping crane it has meant only disaster and loneliness, and according to the missive received today the blame rests squarely with you and me and the tragic course of Western Civilization. According to the authors of this elegant, fully-illustrated mailing, *I* have known about the endangered species for years though my conscience has not given me the slightest pinch. *I* have spread superhighways over our forest friends' most magnificent civilizations, sprayed DDT on defenseless flora, flushed toilets with abandon, broken sound barriers, used soap extravagantly, and gone on numberless trigger-happy treks through the vanishing wilds, wantonly blasting fauna and playing transistor radios to terrify those too small for my artillery. In warm weather I bastinado baby seals and when the elements turn against me I head south to molest the gentle sea cow. From the literature received I gather that I am not the only American given to such *divertissements* Indeed most Americans living today are responsible for the hard times of endarngered species, and our only hope for exculpation lies in sending to this high-minded group of animal lovers our cash, checks or money orders.

Now I am a bit suspicious of these furious allegations. For one thing, it is with deep and inflexible dubiety that I observe the Pecksniffs' claim, that, for instance, DDT has driven the bald eagle to impotency, frigidity or worse. What do they know about the intimate affairs of these great birds? Perhaps the birds have come under the spell of an arcane religion and are practicing abstinence or maybe, having been taken in by the charlatans of Women's Lib, the young female eagles are becoming career-minded and simply do not want young. Whatever the case, DDT probably does more good than harm. I shall be no more disconsolate when the last monkey-eating eagle assumes room temperature than when the last Austrian Archduke croaks.

Endangered species have been dropping off since the Ice Ages and before. According to a recent University of California study, over 100 million species of animals have returned to the goo since the world began, and archaeologists estimate that endangered species have been exiiting *terra firma* at about the rate of fifty per century since this globe opened its doors to life. So what? It vexes me not at all. I doubt there is much we can do about it, and I am not persuaded that it would be prudent or even benign to try. Look what we have done for the American Indian.

Some years ago these noble bipeds were hanging on by a thread. Though they might have been in greater abundance than the North American bison, their prospects were no brighter. So we increased their stipends and secured for them vast preserves where they could wander about swilling hooch, chasing gophers and making blankets. Still, five years ago we heard of them only rarely and no civilized man ever actually saw one in the flesh. Today the country verily abounds with noble red men. They turn up at senate hearings, drag their baggage and their squaws uninvited onto army posts, and one ex-warrior has actually appeared buck naked in a women's magazine. Obviously they are no longer an endangered species. But are they satisfied? I doubt it.

They fuss and fret more obstreperously than the Gay Liberation crowd, worried that their great-grandparents were bested in the real estate game, hinting menacingly at racism wherever an athletic team has eponymically appropriated a fragment of their cultural memorabilia, and now comes word that one of their wily old chiefs has swindled the redoubtable publishing works of McGraw-Hill. Soon they will be elbowing into the spotlight of a Bernstein cocktail party. Yet my guess is that they would all be more satisfied today had our government not granted them a reprieve in the first place.

Of course, there are other problems with snatching endangered species from the abyss. Consider those beyond our suzerainty. For instance, many species of whales dangle at the tender mercies of enterprising Russians and Japanese. What can we do for them? The last time we endeavored to secure the blessings of liberty for inhabitants of a foreign country we were denounced as interlopers, warmongers and desperadoes of the most unglamorous sort. In fact Vietnam is still a sore subject with certain academics, and I suspect that more than a few of the militant animal lovers burst capillaries when the issue is discussed. Obviously it will be a perilous exercise to engage American power on behalf of the whales or practically any other endangered species residing in foreign lands.

Indeed this whole question of endangered species appears at first glance to be laden with meretricious significance, for the passage of the spectacled bear is utterly unworthy of a serious person's low whistle or sigh. But the stridency of those who lament its passage and the extravagance of their charges is a more serious matter. Furiously hurling massive thunderbolts of blame at a vast audience of innocents, those curious persons who adore the orangutan often end up abominating their own country and civilization. This unnatural passion for their furry friends seems to be preceded by an unnatural loathing for their own kind. Guilt provides the fuel for their invidious energies. The Pecksniffian ultimatum that I received could not content itself with outlining a melancholy development brought on by the exigencies of change or by human negligence. It had to search out an evil source and its author ends up not only hating his fellow citizens, his country and his civilization, but after reading him carefully we see that he has saved his most ardent hatred for himself.

Such a state of affairs is very serious, for people who act in this way are manifestly suicide prone. If the country is under their stewardship as they assume that it is, their private affliction becomes public. How often I have wondered why it is that the great lounging class, so confident of its proprietary interest in the nation, cannot stand itself. This is a serious philosophical question, deserving the reflection of highly tuned philosophical minds. It is something, I assure you, this great journal of intellectual opinion intends to probe in the near future: Why are the promoters of gentleness so quick to ladle out blame? Why do they hate their own?

R. Emmett Tyrrell, Jr.

To Our Readers

As usual your June issue will be the last issue of The Alternative **until September when all the jolly boys will return from their summer internship at the Central Intelligence Agency. If you will have a different address in the fall, please let us know by using the Change of Address form which is found on page two.**

Incidentally our June issue might just be the tastiest ever, featuring articles by William F. Buckley, Jr., Robert Bartley, Nathan Glazer and the usual gang of boors. Lest you miss a single issue this fall may we suggest you renew your subscription now. Our June issue is but an appetizer for next year's banquet.

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Notes on the Academy

Let a Thousand Harvards Bloom

John Kelley

GLOOM STALKS the streets of America's provincial Harvards. Educationists still practice their lightly vailed bloviation but to little purpose, for the feel the cold long shadows of a gray January day. Crying out for fiscal succor they receive a budget cut. Pointificating on the state of the polity, their Jeremiahs only bring scattered yawns.

Can it be that men and the state have rejected them? Oh say it isn't so! The people wouldn't desert them in their eleventh hour? Perchance they might.

The people giveth and the people taketh away; blessed be the people. Dimly seen at first, the truth of American higher education now has manifested itself to the folks in Gnawbone, Indiana; Oshgosh, Wisconsin and Moscow, Idaho. They have been bamboozled by expert manipulators of what Dr. Ernest van den Haag calls "America's Pelagian Heresy" — the belief in the ameliorative powers of education.

Educate the public and save the Republic. Let a thousand Harvards bloom so that gladiolas might rise in the ghetto of your choice. Ring Hosannas for urbanology that the collective womb might bring forth a new polity. Educational hucksters have used these gems and thousands more like them to separate the customer from his money. Unfortunately, the university's "Magic Ameliorative Elixier" mostly contained a vile spirit which wouldn't have felt out of place next to Jackass Brandy, Soda Pop Moon, Panther Whiskey and Yack Yack Bourbon. The Elixir promised utopia but promoted internal bleeding. Why should this surprise anyone? The universities, buoyed up by the Elixir, have gone whoring after a social conscience, violating customary university public relations. An unstated bargain between the Academy and the public traditionally provided that the state would furnish scholarly sanctuary for deviant as well as traditional views in exchange for the Academy's servicing the system maintenance functions of the society. In the post World War II period, however, the University took to itself what Professor Robert Nisbet calls "faustian ambitions." "Being noble, why could not the university be great? Being great, why not wealthy, powerful, its communicants citizens of the world? Why could the university not be, at one and the same time philosopher-king, philosopher-Croesus, philosopher-statesman, philosopher-humanitarian, even philosopher-revolutionary?" *(The Degradation of the Academic Dogma*, Basic Books) To do so, however, was to enter "areas of society where partisan strivings are endemic, where Mammon rules, and where passionate moralism is of the essence."

Unfortunately, the moralism of the Academy, as the past six or seven years abundantly illustrate, clearly is not the moralism of the public. Surely this should come as a surprise to no one. If here be any remaining doubts, the findings of the Carnegie Commission on Higher Education should remove them. Based on a survey of 58,000 four year college teachers, the report found that seventy-five per cent of the social scientists considered their politics to be "left" or "liberal." The percentage for faculty in the natural sciences was forty-eight per cent, while Business School instructors reported on thirth-three per cent. Reporting only the Carnegie Study Seymour M. Lipset and Everett C. Ladd, Jr. concluded "that there is a rather neat progression from the most left-of-center to the most conservative running from the social sciences, to the humanities, law and the fine arts, through the physical and biological sciences, education and medicine, onto business, engineering, nursing and home economics, and finally to agriculture, the most conservative." Needless to say, the activist students are highly concentrated in the humanities and social sciences which, of course, contain the most radical college faculty.

Ironically, the radical professor's rather successful efforts at politicizing the university has been his undoing. As stated above an unstated agreement existed between the university and the state; support for system maintenance in exchange for toleration, indeed subsidization, of intellectual nonconformity. Overt anti-system politicizing breaks that agreement prompting withdrawal of subsidies. Withdrawal of subsidization prompts conformist behavior and a discretionary withdrawal from Revolutionary Theater. Precisely this has taken place on American campuses starting in 1970. In the final analysis most college radicals are weekend warriors. When revolution compels major sacrifices the ranks thin. Witness the shocked reaction to Kent State.

Of course the University has always been politicized in its role of system maintenance. It has appeared non-political because of the axiomatic acceptance by the public of this relationship. Interestingly, a radical scholar, Robert Wolff, has called attention to the value of the university providing system maintenance for the radical faculty:

"Who but a university these days would hire Herbert Marcuse, Eugene Genovese or Barrington Moore, Jr? Where else are anarchists, socialists, and followers of other unpopular persuasions accorded titles, honors, and the absolute security of academic tenure? Let the university once declare that it is a political actor and its faculty will be investigated ... It is a bitter pill for the radical to swallow but the fact is that they benefit more than any other segment of the university from the fiction of institutional neutrality."

Wolff's optimistic view of the security of tenure may soon require revision. Today's universities are under attack for their political and social wrongheadedness, broken promises and growing irrelevance to the needs of society. This public disillusionment finds its source in America's Pelagian Heresy. Pelagius, antagonist of St. Augustine, declared that all men might be saved without the aid of divine grace. Americans have come to believe that all men might be saved by serving a four year term at the public university of their choice. The salvation promised was threefold: 1) spiritual and intellectual enlightenment; 2) upward mobility and 3) increased income. To some extent all three of these promises are unattainable. The more that higher education becomes mass education, the more all three salvation promises will be illusionary.

From where came this strange obsession with bombarding the great unwashed with things beyond their ken? The historical roots stretch back in time as far as Thomas Jefferson, author of the Virginia Bill for the More General Diffusion of Knowledge, creator of the University of Virginia and architect of the Ordinance of 1784. For Jefferson education should alert the people to tyranny — a function which Jefferson's lifelong friend-adversary John Adams also supported. In addition Jefferson argued that education might make men happy: "I have sworn upon the Altar of God, eternal hostility against every form of tyranny over the mind of men." In short, education would liberate man's mind. A noble idea indeed, provided that the Liberator

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Grade Inflation

"We are now suffering — unless of course you happen to be a student — from what Harvard sociologist David Reisman calls "grade inflation." It seems that though the scores earned by high-school seniors on college entrance exams have dropped from an average 471 in 1966 to 454 last year, over-all college grades have shifted from C average to B. Ds and Fs have virtually disappeared."

—*National Review* March 31, 1972

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The Counterculture's Periphery

Notes on Social Declension

Jeffrey M. Nelson

DECLENSION IS NOT a recent phenomenon. In almost every society the soothsayers and the Cassandras have foretold the doom to come if no renewal of morals, no regeneration, occurs. Our early history, that of New England at least, is but one long Jeremiah attempting to forestall what Perry Miller described as "the declension of a Bible Commonwealth." The eighteenth century was a period in which the perspective broadened, and decline became the object of historical and comparative analysis. Montesquieu gave his thoughts to *Considerations sur les causes de la grandeur des romains et de leur decadence.* Viscount Molesworth surveyed the unfortunate plight of the Danes in his *Account of Denmark.* Then of course there was the long-time obsession with that sickest of Europe's sickmen, Poland, which is discussed by almost our entire generation of founding fathers—and mothers (see Mercy Otis Warren's *History of the...Revolution,* II, 182ff.). But in all these eighteenth century instances the object of inquiry was not merely to locate the source of another nation's internal collapse. No, these were serious attempts, in the best style of contemporary political science, to answer a universal dilemma: why is it that nations fall from greatness? And, following the Renaissance model, so often identified with Machiavelli's *Discoursi,* the writers of the period sought the means by which corruption might be forestalled and virtue retained.

Nor has the inquiry ended. Pessimism, far from being the sole property of forebears or of that human doomsday machine, Henry Adams, is still with us. The litterateurs reflect upon sinking ships, and a political scientist ponders *The End of the American Era* But in one sense the style of the inquiry has been modified. The earlier writers looked out upon an object of their interest; the disease had not yet struck home. Even those gloomy Englishmen of right and left, Bolingbroke and Burgh, held out hopes for a better day and never accepted Albion's plight as one of *inevitable* disintegration. But today the image is shattered. The ship which is sinking (or sunk) is our own, and we are the rats. Contemporary writings no longer seek causes for a universal problem. The general has become the particular, and it is too late to make inquiries into causes. All that is left to do, we are told, is reflect: leave posterity a record of the phenomenon, that the world may someday understand the process of declension. But this is not an overly simple task in and of itself, for it takes some thought to consider critically what it is that ails us. To paraphrase what surely must be Leo Strauss' most eloquent eipgram: we must regain our Neronian consciousness, that we may at least know that Rome is burning, and perhaps we shall even perceive that we are fiddling.

All of which brings us to the point of the present exercise, that is, a few reflections of our own. Yes, reflections, not inquiries. And with that brief statement we enter the company of our pessimistic contemporaries But this should not be taken to imply that pessimism necessitates engaging in the masochistic pleasure which pervades contemporary social criticism. No, beneath the facade of pleasures which we presently enjoy is the outline of significant social change—decay might be a better word—and it cannot be ignored.

One of the commonplaces of current cant—cant of the self-proclaimed, urbane, intellectual variety—is that the nuclear family and its concomitant morality is dissolving, and despite the efforts of many senior psychologists to defend its utility (and its validity!), younger members of the intelligentsia continue to subject our conventional value structure to their rhetoric of obsolescence. What we have here is not a critique of the moral and ethical basis of traditional monogamous familial culture; rather, the discussion inevitably begins with a consideration of the history of the family within the context of broad social change. Buried beneath the usual allusion to Aries' *L'enfant et la vie familiale sous l'ancien regime,* is the assumption that the concepts of familial life which we accept as transhistorical, transcultural principles, are relatively recent innovations, and as such, are quite as capable of being outmoded by recent social developments as they were created by former social exigencies. Who needs children, marriage, or monogamous love?

This line of reasoning should not be dismissed as a perverse notion of Women's Liberation or as the fantasies of social revolutionaries. For one thing, there is, as in most claims, an ounce of truth among the falsehoods. Certainly we have been guilty of what Hume and so many others have warned us against: elevating our particular experiences to the level of absolutes. Now, our failure to heed such a warning may be due to nothing more than an intrinsic flaw in our nature, for, ironically enough, it often appears that the only universal trait of human nature is the tendency to absolutize. But let us attempt to transcend our limitations and approach this with an open mind. Perhaps the family as our fathers and mothers knew it is not an eternal verity enjoined by natural law. In saying this we risk the temporal damnation of many conservatives and, if they are correct, eternal damnation as well. But natural law and the church notwithstanding, history does seem to question certain facets of the modern nuclear family. But which ones?

Fortunately there is nothing here over which to get excited. Our modern doomsday critics have exaggerated beyond reasonable lengths. If anything, we are guilty of having invented adolescence and thus prolonging childhood. In a word, we have spoiled our children. This innovation is within the family and is *not* the family itself. Now, is that a frightening piece of knowledge or merely what you had suspected all along? But by closing our minds, by burying our heads in the sand when our absolutes have been questioned, look what a situation has been created. We have given those who have doubted, our rebellious young citizens, young and old alike, a sense of rejection, unwarranted to your mind perhaps, but sufficient in theirs to create just cause for suspicion if not rebellion.

However, is this impetus enough to account for what appears to be a wholesale denial of the validity of familial morality? Of course not, but it is the beginning of a partial explanation. Their doubts led to questioning; their questioning was rejected without answers; the rejection was received as an invitation to intellectual and social rebellion. What began as a doubt regarding minor historical aspects of familial morality ends in a rebellion against and total denial of traditional socio-sexual mores. And what is the result? The fruits of their rebellion are amalgamated, as both liberal sympathy and peer approbation act as contingencies of reinforcement, and the final product yielded is none other than that which we are now hearing described as the counterculture.

Videlicet: our verities are questioned:

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the family, marriage, monogamy. Now, whether right or wrong, our mores would survive and in the end triumph if they had the force of social sanction behind them. Social sanction requires two resources: a basic consensus of values and a means of enforcing all secondary values derivative of the consensus; and both of these must operate at all levels and in all segments of society. This country does have something in the way of a consensus of values; but does it have the necessary (and non-coercive) means of enforcing those values? Mechanisms of enforcement can only give sanction to traditional values where such values remain operative. In any type of subculture — class, community, occupation, etc. — in which the counterculture becomes dominant and traditional values cease to be operative, there exists no viable means of reversing the flow of change. *Par exemple:* the counterculture has thriving enclaves within our borders, and, in keeping with our tradition as a voluntaristic society, we have accepted the precepts of *laissez-faire*. Where the counterculture threatens to extend beyond its borders, as in the case of drugs, society intervenes; where it appears to be self-sufficient, this world apart is left alone to flourish.

But the matter does not end there, much as we would like it to. For rebellion, as Camus noted, is deeply rooted in our own nature. Inside the enclave, a university town for example, are thousands of people who are among but not part of the counterculture. Up to the present it has been the custom to note only that segment of this population which *backlashes* from within and swings to the right. But they do not constitute the whole. The rebellion is infectious; it spreads throughout the community. Working people find their children are acquiring the habits and characteristics of university students who surround them, and, in an effort to reach middle ground with their children, these parents must begin to accept a changed moral standard. The businessmen of the community are similarly affected. Business must meet demands to maintain increased profit, increased sales, increased volume. If the demand in the marketplace is for the perverse, capitalism follows; nay, it will soon take the lead with advertising. Younger businessmen soon begin to believe their own sales-pitch — a simple matter of resolving cognitive dissonance. There are others, of course, so affected, not the least of which are the normally conservative university officials and professors who find an alien life-style surrounding them, a life-style which cannot be avoided.

If this life-style were merely political or a political variant of sorts, we would be in less danger of infection here on the periphery. But, if you will excuse the punning reference, the germ is spread in the most contagious of ways: social disease. Whatever one may think of Kate Millett or Norman Mailer, from their polarized angles of vision they have focused on a fundamental aspect of what confronts us. For it is to the weakest of man's points of vulnerability that the counterculture directs the enticement which brings under its spell many of our best friends. (As an example of this phenomenon, the incredible amount of attention given to the rumor concerning the cause of Daniel Ellsberg's political conversion is worthy of attention. What is important here is not whether it is true, but rather that such occurrences are common enough to warrant belief!) By aligning the *nouveau*, the rebellious, and the intellectually fashionable, with the promiscuous, the liberated, and the implicitly and explicitly sexual, the counterculture can attract any one of us. After all, you really cannot tell if it is good or bad unless you taste it – and we all do have appetites.

It is very possible that in objection to this assertion of total vulnerability it may be stated that all ye of good faith and strong moral conviction will not abandon principle in the face of temptation. Perhaps, but at the risk of further damnation (if that is possible), I doubt it. If we avoid it at all, it will be because ubiquity and saturation can lead to boredom. We might just grow tired of it all and ignore it, as did some Romans and those latter-day epicureans who walk out of Swedish movies. (But then I can only ask, why do they continue to frequent such movies if they know they are going to walk out?) One would think that only the lowest of the low are corrupted by temptation illuminated in neon and on the screen. It could also be avoided by buying a house outside the city, as have so many who sincerely preach to us of their good faith and strong moral convictions.

No, here on the periphery our fate is not so simple, and if we have the depth left to perceive it, our fall will have an element of tragedy in it. If we lack that perception, we shall fall in any case, and, as befits a wasteland, our fall will lack resonance and probably will not even be accompanied by a whisper. For we — the people on the periphery of the counterculture, the self-proclaimed critics and dispassionate observers, the detached analysts — will be dragged down by our own vanity, noting with pleasure as we go, the sights of our name in print, our voices on the radio, and our visages on the television, as some insipid commentator asks us for one last insightful observation. Just as Thomas Szasz and Erving Goffman have remarked on the tendency to be driven insane from confinement in a mental institution, or to become criminally oriented after time in a penal institution, so too there is a strong tendency to go to the Devil while living in Hell.

Thus, on the border of the counterculture grows a most unique subculture, inhabited by those who are in some sense dependent — socially, economically, intellectually — upon the institutions at the center. And those of us there on the periphery slowly take on the attributes of that which we have so long denounced, as we give in to man's strongest emotions, his basest passions. The beast with red cheeks, Aristotle called man, for the species feels shame; red reflects pride and passion as well, and today it is those attributes which combine to drag him down once more.

Although reflection, as we noted in the beginning, should not consider remedies of any kind, it is most difficult to preside over one's own sentencing without having a pang of regret. Surely, to the individual, the admonition based on moral strictures is appropriate, but only the rare soul will be able to surmount the pressure of countercultural environment. This is all the more difficult with the interweaving of good and bad, such that one can not easily have one without the other. Here every road is paved with good intentions, and, as Dr. Johnson would have noted, they all go to Hell. In a recent article Professor Donald Zoll noted that it takes a peculiar type of intellectual conservative to thrive in New York City while most others are forced to emigrate to the heartland. Perhaps those who have fled to middle-America know something of which we are here concerned.

But I suspect the denizens of the eastern metropolis are equally aware. Those who are aware know the risks they take, the edge of Hell upon which

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they are situated. But unlike the drug addict who yearns in his agony to be saved or to die quickly, those here on the periphery of the counterculture do not seek an exit. They continue to burn the candle at both ends, tasting of the fruits of a tree the seed of which they condemn. They are living off the flames as Rome burns, and as the city burns they fiddle quite knowingly. And they are taking the calculated risk that they will not die in the flames or burn for their own sins. *Requiescat in pace*, Cotton Mather; Boston has never been so bad. □

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Travels With Richard

Taiwan: America's Moral Dilemma

Allan C. Brownfeld

THE SINGLE IMPRESSION which this writer could not escape during a recent tour of the Far East is that our Asian allies are nervous. They cannot understand why President Nixon embarked upon his trip to Communist China without first consulting them, as partners in an alliance are allegedly supposed to do. They also find it difficult to explain why the American President appears to have gone to Peking out of weakness, rather than out of strength.

No place was this concern more evident than in Taiwan. While official circles refrain from any real criticism of American policy, it is not difficult, when speaking to influential citizens outside of the government, to guage their real feelings.

An example of such official reaction came in a conversation with H.E. Tsai Wei-Ping, Vice Minister of Foreign Affairs. He stated, "The United States is a country honoring treaty commitments. It has given up no allies this way. No President would recognize Red China and de-recognize Taiwan in one stroke."

Speaking as if to convince himself of the truth of his words, the minister stated that "Taiwan is important to the defense of many countries in the Pacific area. Red Chinese aid to Laos, North Vietnam and Cambodia is large. If you think that you can reform the Communists you are bound to fail."

Outside of the government, however, more concern and some bitterness is felt. Professor Chen Tzu-sheih stated that "Nixon is a pragmatist. He is also a tricky, power hungry politician. Communism today has changed from the Communism of the past. By this I mean that there are certain blocks and countries advocating a certain type of Communism. This means that discussion with one Communist country in order to promote peace might be looked upon as dangerous by another Communist regime. Therefore, peace, the slogan of the Nixon visit, cannot emerge as the result of talks with Peiping."

Another Chinese with strong feelings is Nancy Yu-Huang, the American educated publisher of the English language newspaper, the *China Post*. She noted that "America has been the best friend of China traditionally. Americans are young and vibrant, but have less experience and patience than those in Asia. We are more philosophical. Watching you in international affairs we feel is like watching a child, full of energy, but too emotional. We learned our lesson about Communism the hard way. Even if I were not Chinese, watching President Nixon's plans for his trip to Peking, I would say it was like watching a child playing with fire." Mrs. Yu-Huang stated that "the Communists are very shrewd," diplomatically implying that Mr. Nixon's entourage might not be a proper match for them.

Twenty-two foreign affairs experts discussed the recent changes in American Chinese policy at the Institute of International Relations in Musa, a suburb of Taipei. The opinions expressed reveal the depth of concern which may be heard not only in Taiwan but also in South Korea, Thailand, the Philippines, Indonesia, Singapore, Japan and throughout Asia.

Professor Lin Chih-lieh, for example, said that "the Nixon visit to Peking clearly manifests the fact that the policy of containment in Asia has been completely destroyed. From now on, as a consequence, American influence in Northeast Asia, Central-South Asia and South Asia will be greatly diminished. Nixon's visit to Peking cannot repair the weakpoints in his Asian policy. Nixon's announcement of his intention to visit the Chinese Communists has prompted the Soviets to enter Asia. Adequate proof of this assertion is offered by the existence of Soviet made weaponry and supplies in the war raging in the Indochina peninsula."

What concerns our Asian allies is not only the fact that America's word no longer seems dependable but also the fact that America says one thing and seems to do another. While the Nixon Doctrine is less than they would want, it nevertheless appears reasonable in principle. Yet, many argue, the actual military policies being pursued make it impossible to implement.

While the President argues that our commitment to our allies in Asia is firm, American troops are rapidly leaving Asia. South Vietnam is hardly the only country witnessing a massive withdrawal of American forces. In South Korea, 20,000 American troops suddenly have orders to return home by midyear. More than 30,000 Americans in other Far East nations will also pull back. These include 9,000 from Thailand, 6,000 from the Philippines, 5,000 from Okinawa, 12,000 from Japan, and smaller reductions in Taiwan. Asians cannot view the President's initiative to Peking as anything but a sign of weakness since it comes at the very moment of American withdrawal as well as at the time when Soviet strategic weapons seem to be moving ahead of those of the United States, a fact of which they are very much aware.

What the new policies may produce is not a "generation of peace," but a generation of instability which can lead only to testing and probing by those Communist countries which maintain their aggressive policies. Professor Lucian W. Pye of the Center for International Studies at M.I.T. states clearly that during the past year "Asian economic progress was offset by political anxieties over the emerging realities of the Nixon doctrine. The prospect became clear that the essence of Vietnamization was an American acceptance of considerable Asian instability and uncertainty."

America has, for many years, prided itself upon being a reliable ally. It carefully constructed a system of alliances, in Europe and in Asia, based upon a mutual interest in stopping the forces of aggression. In pursuit of this end, we sponsored the Marshall Plan for the economic recovery of Europe after World War II, we risked the Berlin Airlift, we landed Marines in Lebanon and fought long and costly wars in Korea and in Vietnam. In all of these cases, the United States has shown itself to be a trustworthy friend. In fact, we have liked to contrast our own willingness to stand by our stated word with our adversaries' unwillingness. This, we have argued, made America different.

Today, there are many reasons for the people and the government of the Republic of China on Taiwan to be concerned about American policy. The fact that the United States has a long standing treaty commitment to protect the island seems less and less important a part of the political equation as the American government appears to be embracing a policy of withdrawal from the world.

Consider these facts: Over the past two and one half years some 560,000 United States troops have been brought home from Asia. Since a sizable number of United States forces on Taiwan are there in support of the Vietnam effort, it is considered reasonable to assume that numbers will taper off as the war continues to wind down.

This, however, is only the beginning. In November, 1969 the Seventh Fleet terminated its two-destroyer patrol off the coast of China and in July 1971 the United States stated that it would not transfer nuclear weapons now on Okinawa to Taiwan and also ended air reconnaissance missions over the mainland leaving from Taiwan.

When President Nixon was asked January 2, by C.B.S. correspondent Dan Rather, whether the United States

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was beginning to withdraw its troops from Taiwan, his answer was "not at the present point," which students of China affairs took to mean that it was a possibility later on.

In his "State of the World" message on February 9, the President moved even further in this direction. In his message, President Nixon noted pointedly that "the ultimate relationship between Taiwan and the mainland is not a matter for the United States to decide."

While the President emphasized that the United States was not urging either Chinese faction "to follow any particular course" over Taiwan, Henry A. Kissinger, the President's national security adviser, when asked if the Administration favored direct negotiations between them, replied that "this is obviously the course which we think has the greatest promise."

Peking insists on an immediate "return" of Taiwan. Premier Chou En-Lai, for example, was reported to have taken the position that he would never come to the United States or the United Nations as long as the United States maintained diplomatic relations with Nationalist China. It is clear that the status of Taiwan is high on Communist China's list, and it is difficult to understand how the Nixon Administration intends to fulfill its treaty commitments by urging fifteen million people on Taiwan to negotiate with 700 million on the Mainland. It is, it must be remembered, only the power commitment of the United States which has provided an equalizer.

Those who urge the recognition of Communist China and the abandonment of Taiwan, or even the lesser Nixon-Kissinger position of direct negotiations, must consider the international ramifications of such a policy.

Our commitment to Taiwan goes back to 1949, when the Communists seized the mainland and the Nationalists moved to the island. If our commitment to these old and faithful allies is not honored, who in the world will believe that any American commitment is any longer worth the paper upon which it is written? If Taiwan is ever permitted to fall, all American alliances may fall with it.

Beyond this, such an abandonment would be a tragedy, both morally and economically. To turn Taiwan over to Communist China would be to lose for the Free World Asia's number two economic power. After a decade of growth averaging ten per cent annually, Taiwan has become a resilient industrial mini-state. Taiwan is the rare developing country that exports principally industrial goods (seventy-eight per cent of foreign sales) rather than raw materials. Last year, Taiwan matched the estimated $4.3 billion total trade of the Communist mainland — and this year will overtake it.

The per capita Gross National Product, $400, is already about four times as large as Communist China's. The island's exports, which range from canned mushrooms to railway cars, rose 40.6 percent last year to $1.6 billion. Taiwan amassed a thirty-four million dollar trade surplus.

Taiwan has approved $559,180,000 in investment projects, with American companies accounting for $250 million; over half the cumulative total has come in the past three years.

Not only is Taiwan an economic success, one of the few countries in the world to receive American foreign aid and then "take off" economically on its own, but more than this, it is the repository of the ancient Chinese culture and tradition.

The capital city, Taipei, is a bustling and prosperous commercial and economic center. The city is filled with schools, colleges, and universities. It has several English language newspapers, as well as a host of Chinese papers. By any standard, it is a lively, vigorous city. It is a city in which publications of every kind from throughout the world may be found, a stark contrast to the closed society on the Mainland.

In Taiwan, the ancient Chinese culture, literature and religious tradition continues to live and to thrive, while on the Mainland that tradition has been ruthlessly destroyed. The Cultural Revolution was massive and deliberate attempt against the very core of Chinese culture, comparable to the Soviets' continuous warfare against Russian Christianity and the freedom of Russian literature, and it went even further in its attempt to destroy the authority of teachers and parents.

Professor Gerhart Niemeyer, writing in *Orbis*, points out that "by contrast, Chiang Kai-Shek has governed in u spirit of respect and reverence for the traditional order of China. While running a tightly authoritarian establishment, he has not dedicated his power to the subversion of China's substance. In morals, habits and customs, rituals and beliefs, he has acted as a steward of a great heritage, while providing his people with the benefits of a rapidly expanding economy ... Chiang Kai-Shek's government ... has maintained its link with the legitimizing principles of the Confucian tradition, the renovating movement of Sun Yat-sen, and the traditional pattern of Chinese habits and customs."

A danger we face, and one which our allies both in Asia and in Europe are very much aware, is that of an emerging isolationism in America. Such a feeling of withdrawal has followed every war, and it is only natural that it would follow Vietnam. What everyone finds unexpected is that the Nixon Administration would follow this erroneous approach, rather than leading the American people against it.

Hopefully, the President will come to understand that peace can never come as a result of ignoring legal and moral obligations. The people of Taiwan are depending upon America's honor. If we abandon these allies we will be fulfilling the prediction of the radicals on the New Left that America is, after all, "like everybody else," willing to do anything for what it conceives of being its narrow self-interest.

Such an abandonment would be neither in keeping with our moral role in the world, nor with our self-interest. The people of Taiwan will be disappointed only if America turns its back not only upon them, but upon its own national honor as well. □

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Report from Hong Kong

Nixon and Mao

Eric Brodin

"The Week That Changed The World" recedes in history, although, to be sure, the world still appears rather unchanged. President Nixon has returned from his flight to Red China, and from his flight into the rhetoric of euphoria. The sterner realities remain, however, now, when the heady bubble of American champagne, and those inscrutable semi-smiles, have been wiped off the faces of Mao's entourage. (One UPI report quoted a foreign correspondent residing in Peking: "When you leave, the smiles will come off their faces, and it will be like old times again.") If the Chinese are not smiling, it is not because *they* have "lost face". Whether America's face is missing remains to be seen. It is too early to praise Nixon for diplomatic or political achievements of which we have yet to see the evidence.

Most newspaper and magazine accounts of Nixon's China have been predictable. The Swiss, as is their wont, were talking about the "easing of tensions" and the "neutralization of a possible confrontation." The Swedes chalked up Nixon's trip to election-year politicking, and, with the special penchant for anti-Americanism that Swedish journalists have, they cherished quoting the "average" Chinaman-in-the-street about how Nixon was coming, "begging-bowl in hand." The French, with their own brand of chauvinism, were impressed that Andre Malraux gave valuable advice to Nixon on the eve of his departure, including the gratuitous suggestion of a new Marshall Plan for China, because "today the Chinese absolutely are no longer interested in revolutionary problems." In a rare occasion in the United States, James Reston had praise

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for the new Nixon, in a column he entitled, "The Peking Journey: Nixon's Finest Hour." (Evidently it was not James Reston's ....)

Only Bill Buckley (and, perhaps, James Michener, representing *Reader's Digest*), seemingly alone among the eighty-seven newspapermen who accompanied Nixon, appeared to have no illusions about what the visitors were allowed to see. Buckley spared none of his deliciously accurate expletives on what he saw behind the scarcely camouflageable scenes of Mao's China in the process of "creating the new man."

Even though Senator Goldwater attempted to reassure his understandably worried "conservative friends," that "... I am satisfied that we have not given away one single thing to the Red Chinese ...," one wonders whether, in fact, making the bloodied regime of Communist despots worthy of a visit from an American President, even before visits to world capitals such as Tokyo or Moscow, has not endowed Red China with a level of international prestige that they could not have attained for themselves. This, coupled with their membership in the United Nations, will enable the Red Chinese to develop more refined — and more effective — methods of subversion, which they can employ alongside their more traditional guerrilla activities in Southeast Asia, Africa, and the Middle East, just a few of the places in which they have operated for so long.

Surely a meeting between the leader of the world's great democracy, and the tsar of a Communist empire (whose bloody deeds make Hitlerism pale in comparison), must amount to something more than a pandering for pandas. There are some immediate results. Nixon's chances of re-election have improved considerably, and, as far as the America-watchers of the world are concerned, the international prestige of a U.S. President has not been so great since the Kennedy Camelot myths swept Europe with all the enthusiasm of beatification proceedings.

International prestige and political popularity aside, however, certain realities cannot be erased, but clearly remain, like smudges on the shield of Richard "the Lionhearted," who preferred to make friends than to do battle with the Chinese Dragon. It is a fact that, the amiable visit of the Chief imperialist paper tiger notwithstanding, Communist China continues to be what it was before: a brutal, dehumanizing, totalitarian dictatorship. The Chinese realities include (a) an internal Stalinist dictatorship at home; (b) an effective and expanding network of subversion abroad; (c) a dirigistic Communist economic system causing bitter economic privations to the Chinese people; and (d) the almost total destruction of long-cherished religious and cultural traditions and values. Yet, these four integral aspects of life in Communist China hardly have been touched upon at all in the millions of words that have resulted from the Nixon visit. (Only the Russians, who, after all, have a great deal of personal experience with these inevitable by-products of Communism, noted these facts with any emphasis.)

Let us not forget the seven million refugees who have managed to escape from the prison-camp which is Communist China over the past twenty years. Is it not a measure of the tyranny of a regime, that it is unwilling — even in the face of the Universal Declaration on Human Rights — to allow free crossing of national borders, including the right to leave or re-enter one's own native country? Is not freedom of passage one of the most essential qualities which governs — or *ought to govern* — the conduct of civilized nations? If a system, to sustain itself, must build walls, implant mine-fields erect electric fences, and mount ubiquitous armed patrols, has it not, in fact, deprived itself of the right to be regarded as a nation, worthy of respect, deserving of equal footing among states? We have seen — even in our life time — the example of a Nazi Germany. The evil that was inherent in Nazism is even more concentrated and potent in the international Communist movement, as we should have noted every time it spread its totalitarian tentacles (so often with naive Western acquiescence) over innocent peoples in the last twenty-five years. Let us recall the 1.6 million who fled from Communist East Germany, the three million who fled from Communist North Korea, the one million who fled from Commnist North Vietnam, the .75 million who fled from Communist Cuba .... Each time that a Communist regime has oppressed a people, there has been a wholesale exodus. Against inhuman obstacles, people who love freedom, more than they love life, will flee — they will crawl, they will swim, they will burrow. if they must, to reach a land of freedom.

The flood of refugees from China began in 1948, with 40,000 non-Chinese (mostly "White" Russians who once fled the Red Revolution in Russia). Today there are refugees from Mao's China in most free countries of the world. 155,000 are in Taiwan, 82,000 in Burma, 70,000 in India (not counting the Tibetan victims of the Communist Chinese invasion of their country), 62,000 in the Soviet Union, 45,000 in South Vietnam, 20,000 in Saudi Arabia, 10,000 in Laos, 4,000 in South Korea, 2,000 in Japan.... Fully one-third of the 268,000 people who live on the Portuguese island of Macao are refugees, and half of the four million residents of Hong Kong fled from Red China, too.

Such tragic tales are not merely skeletons of the past. Since 1962 alone, over 300,000 men and women have fled the Communist mainland. And still they come, not yet aware of the "Era of Negotiation, not Confrontation," not yet knowing that Nixon's America has joined Mao's China in the "Great March Together."

Statistics sometimes obscure the tragic fact that, behind each one of the casualties of Communism, there is an intensely personal experience. Let us look into just a few of the individual cases which came to the attention of the Hong Kong police in 1971. During the first five months of that year, 840 "illegal" emigrants had been found, as many as during all of 1970. With the estimate that only one in five is found, the total number of refugees for those five months was estimated at 5,000. Even with Communist police boats, disguished as fishing vessels, plying the six-mile strait, many escapers succeed. Since only the most hardy and courageous can survive, most of the swimmers are between 13 and 16 years of age. A new form of "ping pong diplomacy" was that devised by the thirteen Freedom Swimmers who, on April 26, 1971, managed to reach Hong Kong bouyed up by their hopes, and by plastic bags filled with ping pong balls.

But many do *not* make it. One Red Chinese gunboat once caught a sampan with would-be refugees within fifty yards of Macao territory. Another gunboat sank a craft filled with former CCP functionaries attempting to flee

I have chosen my successor, Chou!
Ah, so?
Little Red Book
An able man who can handle the Americans, has wit, charm; speaks English and French fluently!
who could that be?
Henry Kissenger

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to Taiwan. The drowned bodies of young men and women, floating ashore on the Hong Kong coast, give mute, but eloquent, testimony, to the risks people will take to achieve freedom. In the one month of November, 1970, no fewer than fifty-eight such bodies were found.

Typical of many is the story of one refugee, a twenty-two year old student, who started out from the Communist coast with two companions. One was shot as he entered the water, and one was captured. Only the student lived to tell the story. Three days later, four more young people swam to freedom, including one whose feet were almost entirely eaten by sharks. In spite of all the hazards, they continue to come, estimated at 6,500 in the first half of 1971, and at another 6,000 in the three months thereafter.

Among six girls who swam to Hong Kong in July was a former member of the Red Guard, who voiced what surely must be the credo of so many Freedom Swimmers. "Freedom means everything," she said. "I am determined to work harder than anyone else to get the things I need, just as I have sought freedom."

As President Nixon moves about the world, from one summit to the next, it is too bad that he does not pause in Hong Kong, or in Taiwan, there to walk amid the millions of refugees, there to hear of heroic struggles for liberty. It would have a sobering effect upon any euphoric dream of grand detentes with barbaric Communism. □

The Uses of History

Nixon and/or Mussolini?

George McCarter

IN THE 1930 s Ezra Pound came out with a short book on the virtues of fascism in Italy, and he gave it the catchy title of *Jefferson and-or Mussolini,* the reason being that he hoped the book would suggest certain parallels between the two men which Mussolini's American critics had so far not acknowledged. Mysteriously Pound's thesis never really caught on in America, but if he were now inclined to make a second effort he could assemble a convincing case that the incumbent President has, albeit unwittingly, demonstrated more similarities to the Italian dictator than ever was the case with the Sage of Monticello.

If Ezra Pound still follows American politics, he is no doubt delighted to observe that the President's economic measures resemble nothing so much as they do the "corporate (or corporative) state" of Benito Mussolini's fascist Italy. Now I do not mean to be provocative or insolent, for this comparison has already been suggested by Ralph Nader among others. Unfortunately the argument has failed to make an impression, because, to most Americans, the term "fascist" no longer has any connotation. But a serious case can indeed be made that the New Economic Policy and Mussolini's Corporate State have enough traits in common to exceed the bounds of mere coincidence.

Both systems were largely improvised, without any substantial philosophical background or ideals. The "flexibility" of both leaders was a common characteristic; as David Broder has observed of Nixon's "pragmatism" so the late Dr. Antonio Salazar, the conservative dictator of Portugal who was himself often labeled fascist, observed Mussolini's philosophical shallowness. Mussolini, he wrote, "... is a marvelous opportunist when it comes to action; he leans first to the right and then to the left."

Mussolini began his political life as a socialist but earned his greatest renown as a vehement hater of bolshevism and socialism. While Nixon's *volte-face* has perhaps been not quite so dramatic or barbaric, the President has demonstrated a similar scorn for consistent faith in a set of abstract ideals. The New Economic Policy suggests its lack of a firm grounding in political or economic theory by the simple fact that all its architects (save recently Paul McCracken) insist that it is temporary; indeed they profess abhorrence for any society in which Pay Boards and Price Commissions would be permanent fixtures. Messrs. Nixon, Connally and Rumsfeld rationalize their support for these institutions which they profess to mistrust by invoking the "national interest," thereby hoping to stagmatize all criticism. Likewise from the very beginning Mussolini and his Black Shirts believed that the fatherland was the highest good and that individuals should subordinate their selfish interests to it.

It is this super-nationalism which contemporary writers refer to when they brand regimes such as those in Spain and Greece as "fascist," and at first perhaps that was all Mussolini had in mind. But a less simplistic definition of Mussolini's system is necessary if one is seriously to examine the charge that Richard Nixon is duplicating many of its features. Certainly the following were among the foremost tenets of Mussolini's *ersatz* philosophy:

a) While social and economic class distinctions continue, an emphasis is placed upon interclass cooperation for patriotic reasons.

b) Political power is delegated from above rather than elected from below.

c) The average citizen is encouraged to believe that modern society is "too complex" for the old logical solutions to retain any relevance, and that it is the duty of a gifted leader to take extraordinary measures.

d) The individual must accept discipline as a greater good than liberty.

e) Private ownership, while permitted to exist, is separate from control over owned assets.

Each of these, to some extent, is visible in Phase II of the New Economic Policy. The structure of the Pay Board, with its representatives from labor, management and the public, is an obvious illustration of the first tenet, and the near unanimous condemnation of George Meany when he appeared uncooperative further indicates that the present political climate places a premium on cooperation between competing segments of society in pursuit of an elusive national interest.

The second fascist characteristic, delegation from above, is today evidenced by the fact that of all the Pay and Price Board members, only the Chairmen need be confirmed by the Senate, and President Nixon allowed that concession only to guarantee that Congress would extend his extraordinary powers for another year.

Throughout the two and one half years of Mr. Nixon's quasimonetarist "game plan" the President had to endure constant appeals from leading Democrats to "do something" about inflation and unemployment. Since the game plan more closely resembled libertarian economics than it did the more chic activism, its lack of instant success persuaded many that the old varieties had lost their relevance in today's complex society. Like Mussolini, who said "We were the first to assert that the more complicated the forms of civilisation, the more restricted the freedom of the individual must become," *(The Road to Serfdom)* too many Americans in the summer of 1971 had an almost mystical faith that the President's "bold action" in controlling wages and prices would succeed where free market forces had apparently failed. This pessimistic view of society necessarily leads to the fourth fascist tenet listed above. Particularly in the area of prices, discipline has been stressed to the extent that labor officials, not to mention the general public, have been encouraged by the President to turn in their fellow citizens for violations of the price guidelines. And of course, the simple fact that the government is playing a major role in determining wages and prices indicates that "Nixonomics" has separated ownership end control of private property in America.

If much of what I have said regarding the characteristics of fascism seems just as typical of dictatorship in general that is because absolute states either of the right or of the left are equally opposed to republican government and liberal free market economics. The major distinction between fascism and communism is that the former is in part a reaction by the governing

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class while the latter is conceived as a revolution from below although both may end up with strikingly similar results. In Italy many members of the wealthy classes went along with Mussolini's rantings because they were convinced that fascism could be a bulwark against socialism, and even Winston Churchill applauded the Duce for that reason. Today American businessmen are apparently accepting Phase II also out of a fear of something worse. In Italy business interests stopped cheering when they found that the government's curbs on union power were trivial compared with the high taxes and compulsory loans appropriated from industry to prop up Mussolini's shaky regime. American industry today trusts Richard Nixon not to abandon the good will toward business which he has maintained throughout a quarter century of public life, but perhaps they should consult with Chiang Kai-shek concerning Richard Nixon's constancy.

Soon after he became Prime Minister, Mussolini put into effect a conservative regimen of reduced expenditures and a balanced budget, but like Nixon with his ill-fated game plan, the Duce got cold feet. Mussolini's declaration that *Laissez faire* is out of date compares ominously with President Nixon's admission a year ago that he is now a Keynesian *(Italy, A Modern History)*. Another striking parallel is the fact that Mussolini took the first step toward controlling the Italian economy by slapping heavy duties on imports. Once the population was prepared for full-scale government intervention Mussolini began to enact the measures contained in the *ad hoc* "philosophy" of fascism. The Corporate State was several years in gestation, but it finally emerged in 1934 as a system dividing economic life into twenty-two major groups known as corporations. These corporations consisted of members from labor, management and "the public," the latter a euphemism for toadies from the Duce's own administration.

President Nixon has not gone so far as to create twenty-two tripartite councils, but in addition to the Pay Board and the public Price Commission, we must also reckon with the autonomous Construction Industry Stabilization Committee, and the advisory but scarcely toothless Rent Board, as well as the Committees on the Health Services Industry, on State and Local Government cooperation, and on Interest and Dividends. Finally at the top of the heap stand Mr. Rumsfeld and the Cost of Living Council.

Once the corporations had begun determining economic policy for the nation, Mussolini decided that the Italian Chamber of Deputies had become something of an anachronsim. By 1939 he had liquidated the Chamber and replaced it with a Chamber of Fasces and Corporations. Mussolini concluded that government by parties and majorities had become obsolete. In an advanced state, he contended, economic interests were exclusively entitled to representation in the national legislature.

It took Mussolini seventeen years in office to abolish the Chamber of Deputies, but its powers had been thoroughly eroded long before its formal demise. No one expects Richard Nixon to remain in office for seventeen years, and even if that were possible, it is unlikely that he has any desire to supersede the Congress with the Cost of Living Council. Even so, advocates of the free market are rightly alarmed by the autonomous nature of the Phase II commissions. That autonomy exists to the extent that the labor and management representatives on the Pay Board are exempt from federal conflict-of-interest statutes. From this, one may infer that the President believes economic interests rather than popularly elected (and therefore accountable) legislators should have broad policy making powers in this country.

In the realm of economics, fascism is not a sophisticated doctrine, for Mussolini believed far more in personal power than in any abstraction such as the corporate state. Likewise conservative commentators, Kevin Phillips in particular, have noted President Nixon's inability to project his dedication to any ideal more lofty than political success. Like Mussolini who astounded his anticlerical supporters by reaching a cordial accommodation with the Catholic Church, Mr. Nixon has committed conservative heresy with his blithe desertion of the Republic of China (which he now refers to as Taiwan). Even liberals, who have much to applaud in Nixon's policies, frequently critize the President's apparent lack of conviction or what Nicholas von Hoffman calls "... the dispassionate, mechanistic way he's joined our side." (Mussolini and *Italian Fascism)*

To be fair to Mr. Nixon, one must grant that even if he firmly believes in very little, he is nonetheless a decent man and hardly the reckless and ruthless egomaniac that Mussolini was. Unlike *Il* Duce, he has not attempted to declare strikes and lockouts categorically illegal, and one cannot imagine him boasting, as did Mussolini, that his Administration has "curtailed useless or harmful liberties..." But the President should consider the precedent he is establishing. We would be less confident of any degree of restraint if George Wallace or another man of his "populist" pretensions were to become Chief Executive. Businessmen especially should contemplate the long range ramifications of Phase II far more seriously than its ephemeral short-run advantages, and should inform the President of their concern.

Richard Nixon is not the first President to try to graft a form of the corporate state upon the American economic system. Franklin D. Roosevelt's New Deal legislation, particularly the National Industrial Recovery Act, had what might be considered "fascist" overtones. But the Supreme Court, in Schechter v. United States, 295 U.S. 495, invalidated the National Recovery Administration and its numerous codes outlining labor conditions and defining the nature of unfair

The Space Program: Unfinished Monument of the 1960s

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competition within particular industries. In that case Chief Justice Charles Evans Hughes observed for a unanimous Court: "Extraordinary conditions do not create or enlarge constitutional power ... Congress cannot delegate legislative power to the President to exercise an unfettered discretion to make whatever laws he thinks may be needed or advisable for the rehabilitation and expansion of trade or industry." It may be too much to hope that Mr. Nixon's own "strict constructionist" Supreme Court will administer unto Phase II a similarly well-deserved death blow. □

They Called Him "Tricky"

Centrist Nixon, Centrist Nation

John R. Coyne, Jr.

IF YOU WANT to know how a politician stands ideologically, runs one old rule of thumb, look at the enemies he makes. And Richard Nixon has made plenty.

There have been enemies on the left since the early 1950s, when Nixon helped to prove that Alger Hiss, a charter member of the liberal establishment, was moonlighting as a Russian spy.

Thus, it is never surprising when the liberal left opens up, as it did for instance during the hearings on the Supreme Court nomination of William Rehnquist, a nomination seen by Birch Bayh as proof that rightist Nixon intended to pack the court with Birchers (of the Robert Welch, rather than the Bayh, variety).

And so, traditional enemies on the left; Nixon's sympathies, then, lie to the right.

But wait. China lights a fire under conservatives already sizzling over the administration's proposed family assistance plan and what they regard as America's deteriorating defense posture. Suddenly there are enemies on the right, most of them supporting conservative Congressman John Ashbrook in the presidential primaries.

Now Nixon has enemies to the right as well as left. But why, asks a non-ideological observer, can't everyone be friends?

Conservatives, after all, should be ecstatic about the Supreme Court appointments, such appointments being among the most significant a president can make.

And liberals should be delighted with the new China policy. Recognition of Red China, after all, has been one of the great liberal goals for two decades, and recognition now seems inevitable.

So, why all the griping?

A tough question to answer, especially if you're ideologically committed, as I am. But if I were pressed, I suppose I'd put it this way.

The ideologically committed believe they cannot express gratitude for what they consider half measures.

Both conservatives and liberals believe their constant ideological opposition puts pressure on government from both ends of the ideological spectrum.

It is important that this pressure be evenly and steadily applied. If one side lets up, the other side suddenly becomes dominant, and the result is one-sided ideological hegemony, as during, for instance, the New Deal — Fair Deal — New Frontier Great Society years.

So, you always fight to win. It's dangerous to relax, dangerous to content yourself with half measures.

But then comes a related question: Do we really want to win? Would I, for instance, really enjoy living in a completely conservative society?

And here is the paradox, for our feelings about winning are ambivalent. A few want to win very much. Many others, although they realize the importance of appearing to desire total victory, would happily settle for much less.

For the truth is that very few non-fascist, nonMarxist Americans want a true believer in the White House. America is neither a rightist, nor a leftist nation, and most Americans are ideologically eclectic,picking and choosing among liberal and conservative positions.

In other words, just because you favor seating Red China in the United Nations, you don't necessarily oppose Rehnquist.

And so, among the ideologically committed, an odd ambivalence exists. We fight for definite causes, but don't always desire to see those causes triumph completely.

And what does all this have to do with Richard Nixon? The enemies he makes tend to be committed to some strong ideological viewpoint, both left and right. And, if you apply that old rule of thumb, the ideological extremes represented by his enemies suggest that Nixon is that rarity among American politicians — a centrist.

A centrist president in a country whose unique greatness depends upon a strong center may not really be a bad thing. But you won't find those of us who are ideologically committed admitting that, of course. If we do, we may lose our leverage; and if we lose our leverage, the country, we fear, cannot remain centrist.

Most of us can live quite nicely in a centrist country. And Richard Nixon, with enemies left and right? He can live with them. He's had practice.

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Letter from a Whig

George F. Will

While Honeyfoggling Ecology...

(WASHINGTON) — The following is a short course on government, liberalism and the new location of an old landmark, Credibility Gap. The course concerns a river, a subsidy and this year's political catchphrase — "reordering priorities."

The Potomac River, once one of our most scenic natural treasures and a splendid setting for the nation's Capitol, is polluted.

In fact, public health officials here warn everyone to wash immediately if any river water so much as touches the skin. A steady flow of raw sewage oozes into the river from a large pipe jutting from the embankment along Washington's posh Georgetown section.

The pollution of the Potomac is caused by two things. Existing antipollution laws are not enforced. And the federal government says it cannot find the money to build sewage treatment plants for the District of Columbia.

As a result, Washingtonians are deprived of a desperately needed recreational resource. Seventy-two per cent of all Washingtonians are black. Many are poor. All Washingtonians must en-

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dure the most oppressively humid summers in America. Is it not a shame that the government cannot find money to invest in a clean Potomac?

Conspicuous on the bank of this fetid river is the Kennedy Center for the Performing Arts, a large, ungainly monument to the government's solicitude on behalf of the upper middle classes.

The idea of an arts center for the nation's capital was sold to President Eisenhower in one of the fine man's weak moments. Originally, the project was to be private. When Kennedy was assassinated, the project was named after him. But in no sense is it a "Kennedy Memorial." It is not equivalent to the Lincoln Memorial.

Before the first note was drawn from the first fiddle, the federal government had invested fifty million dollars in the ostensibly private project. Now the flow of public funds will never end. Liberal legislators will see to that.

Just recently a well-known liberal Republican senator from a significant Middle Western state gave us a glimpse of the future.

This senator, whose lust for new priorities is well-known, is on the Senate Appropriations Committee. He is also a member of the Kennedy Center's Board of Trustees. Last December the Center announced that it would have to curtail various activities unless the federal government supplied some more millions.

This was a familiar form of blackmail. A smart operator asks the government for a certain sum of money "just to get started." Once started, the operator discovers that "unexpected contingencies" have raised the cost of survival. Thus the government is asked to choose between helping the project, or callously allowing it to expire.

Of course the Kennedy Center could have tried to meet its money crisis by raising the price of its tickets. But that would have involved fidelity to the old-fashioned principle that people who use a service should pay for it.

The Kennedy Center is anything but old-fashioned. It subscribes to the new principle: those who provide a service should get the taxpayers to foot at least part of the bill. That is what the aforementioned liberal Republican senator from the Middle West wants to happen.

This senator heard the Kennedy Center's cry of distress. He drew up the required legislation and pushed it through the Senate in the confused closing hours of the session. It has not yet cleared the House of Representatives. But there is little reason to believe that the Kennedy Center cannot use its blackmail on the House.

Liberals such as this senator think "the arts" are Good Things. Liberals are correct, in this regard. Liberals believe that all Good Things deserve federal subsidies. This is nonsense. But this liberal senator and kindred spirits will go on pouring public money into the hopelessly dependent Center for as long as, well, for as long as raw sewage pours into the Potomac less than a mile downstream.

The Center will go right on serving its predictable clientele, the overwhelmingly white audiences drawn from the upper-income families of the District of Columbia and its wealthy suburbs. This will be made possible by the use of general revenues, drawn from the pockets of taxpayers in Boise and Albuquerque and Harlem.

Only a tiny portion of the American population will attend a concert there. In fact, most Washingtonians, like most Americans, will never set foot in either the Center or the Potomac River. But we all will pay for the former, and we never will be able to enjoy the latter.

The next time a senator starts uttering pieties about the need to "reorder our priorities," ask him how he voted on the various subsidies for the Kennedy Center.

A Dilemma for the Seventies

The Desultory State of Contemporary Music

Bud Folsom

IT'S BEEN ALMOST three years now since the Woodstock rock festival culminated a decade of lyrical advancement in contemporary music. During the 1960s, musical lyrics evolved from shallow platitudes into a new humanism far superior to most of the radical protest also abroad. This article will investigate several forms of contemporary music as they emerged in the last generation.

Prior to the socially activist 1960s, musical lyrics were escapist, platonic and absurdly passionate. These pseudo-romantic musicians of the 1940s and 1950s, unable to relate to the profane universe, wrought such sophomoric titles as "With My Head in the Clouds," "Swinging on a Star," "Dream, Dream, Dream " and "That Old Black Magic." Some mountebanks, incapable of transcending this orgy of emotion, satiated occult fantasies via such nonsense lyrics as "ooh eeh oh ah ah ting tang walla walla bing bang," "Zip-a-de-do-da " or "Flim flam floogle."

During the 1960s, however, the social temper of the country was transformed from the pseudo-romanticism of the 1950s to a new humanism. In 1962, Bob Dylan adumbrated it when he sang, "the times they are a changin'." This new breed started telling it as it was and stressed social involvement, individual freedom and sincere human relationships. Whereas in the 1950s and early 1960s curious romantics inquired, "Who put the bomp she bomp she bomp she bomp?" or "Does your chewing gum lose its flavor on the bedpost overnight?" the new humanists of the middle 1960s queried esoterically, "What's it all about Alfie? Is it just for the moment we live?...Are we meant to take more than we give?" Or "How many years must a people exist before they're allowed to be free?" Unromantic questions were posed such as "Will you believe me will you still feed me when I'm sixty-four?" At last, sincere sentiments challenged pseudo-romanticism

Armed with this gospel of social involvement, the new humanists tried to change a materialistic, lonely and frequently inhumane society. In the musical "Hair" an impersonal and apathetic world is depicted with the lines "How can people have no feelings? How can they ignore their friends?. . .Easy to be hard. Easy to be cold." Simon and Garfunkel wince at an impersonal and materialistic society when they sing:

And the people bowed and prayed
To the neon god they made.
And the sign flashed out its warning
In the words that it was forming.
And the sign said:
The words of the prophets are
Written on the subway walls,
And tenement halls,
And whispered in the sounds of silence.

The loneliness theme is symbolized by the Beatles' Elinor Rigby, whose menial task in life was to "pick up the rice at the church where the wedding has been." As the Beatles commented, "All the lonely people, where do they all belong?"

Unlike the nihilistic New Left, these humanists can project solutions and hope to mitigate society's problems. For example, in "Fakin' It" Simon and Garfunkel beseech their listeners to "take time to treat your friendly neighbors honestly." Equally exuberant are Peter, Paul and Mary who peacefully proclaim, "If I had a song, I'd sing of love between my brothers and my sisters all over this land."

Admittedly, even at its pinnacle (in 1969), the new humanism was challenged by other musical forms. Contemporary innovations included drug oriented songs (although several of these, such as "White Rabbit" and "The Pusher" can be interpreted as anti-drug satires).

Also there were lingering vestiges of the pseudo-romanticism of the 1940s and 1950s. For example, since 1962 Bobby Vinton has produced perennial chart-climbers with a revised Tristan-Iseult myth as his theme. Boy meets girl, an obstacle occurs, and boy loses girl. Unlike us red-blooded males, Vinton's rejected men are mystically happy and always forgiving after losing girls to whom they have pledged their entire lives.

Finally, bubblegum music, repeti-

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tious prattle, burgeoned in the late 1960s. Tommy James and the Shondells easily won the coveted award for cretinous repetition for their rendition of "Hanky Panky." In its vacuous thirty-four lines, the phrase "My baby does the hanky panky" is repeated twenty-four times. Despite this competition the new humanism attracted high caliber musicians who catered to a receptive market.

Woodstock seemed to be a restatement of the humanist themes of love, peace and non-violent protest. There were over 400,000 persons at White Lake, New York, but not one instance of violence. It appeared that the upcoming decade of the 1970s might reinforce the explicit humanism of the 1960s. Since Woodstock, however, there has been a near collapse of the new humanism in a wake of drug-induced deaths, greed and a humanist retreat from the music market. A drug overdose destroyed artists Jimi Hendrix, Janis Joplin, Al Wilson (of Canned Heat) and possibly Jim Morison (of the Doors). The Beatles, Peter, Paul and Mary, Simon and Garfunkel and the Cream are hopelessly separated. In a real sense "the music died," as Don McLean observes in "American Pie."

Even Bob Dylan has temporarily forsaken humanistic protest for the perverted New Left logic contained in "George Jackson." Black radical George Jackson, killed in an attempted escape from San Quentin, was shot, croons Dylan, because the prison guards "were scared of his love." Was it the militant Jackson's refulgent "love" that produced his record of armed robberies and alleged murders that would arouse the envy of Al Capone?

While the new humanism has receded, there has been an onslaught from the New Left. With increasing frequency they have emitted musical expletives and intellectual halitosis. In 1967, the Manichaean- Fugs were only mildly ridiculous when they surrounded the Pentagon and chanted, "out demons out." More disturbing is the violent and revolutionary orientation of the Mothers of Invention, Chicago, and most prominently, the Jefferson Airplane. Led by the feculent Grace Slick, the Airplane exemplify the crudest form of hypocrisy and nihilism. Ironically, they started out as humanist. A few years ago, in songs like "My Best Friend," "Somebody to Love" and "Let's Get Together," the Airplane preached the new humanist gospel of social concern and peace. In "Lather" and "Rejoyce" they added an antimaterialistic tinge to their lyrics (e.g. "sell your mother for a Hershey bar-Grow up looking like a car").

Recently, however, the Airplane abandoned humanism for the barbarism of Attila the Hun and Jerry Rubin. In "Volunteers," a recent album, a costive Grace Slick grunts. "Hey now its time for you and me—Got a revolution—Up the revolution." Before the nauseated listener can reach a brown bag, the Airplane belch further nihilistic dithyrambs which include an attack on private property, a demand that the older generation get up against the wall and a fervent exhortation that society be torn down. In their consummate imbecility, the Airplane neglect to suggest a course of action after society is destroyed.

These tendentious warblers couple their anarchy with hypocrisy. On the one hand they protest materialism and condemn capitalist society while simultaneously demanding $50,000 for a one night stand. According to rock impresario Bill Graham, it was this greed that forced the closing of New York's Fillmore East.

In addition to the cantankerous caterwauling of the New Left, the new humanism is still being vigorously crowded by the bubblegummers. Although the 1910 Fruitgum Company and the Ohio Express have gone to pasture, we are now afflicted by the Jackson Five, the Osmond Brothers and Daddy Dewdrop, who swamp their pre-teen listeners in a mucilaginous mire of chicle. In the bubblegum battle of the bladders, Donny Osmond's rendition of "One Bad Apple," a variation of his wounded wombat imitation, has sold over a million records. With such farcical fustian as "Rubber Ducky," "Gimme Dat Ding" and "Chick-a-Boom" also selling millions, it makes a degenerate and competitive market for the humanists to compete in.

Fortunately there are some bright spots on the horizon. The 1970s have produced several artists to replace the retired humanists of the 1960s. The music of James Taylor, Elton John, Carole King, Cat Stevens and Gordon Lightfoot preach a nonviolent gospel of peace and individual freedom. Also, the new Jesus movement provides a potent symbol for the embattled humanists. Last August, greed and hypocrisy were transcended by George Harrison, Bob Dylan, Ringo Starr, Eric Clapton and Leon Russell in a fund-raising rock concert for the starving Pakistani refugees.

Such occurrences are cause for hope. Perhaps the recent drug deaths, the emergence of the bubblegummers, the rise of the New Left and the ridiculously inflated costs will conduce music back to its proper course — that of entertainment or humanistic protest. If not, I may eventially have to content myself with old Glen Miller recordings and the Lawrence Welk show. □

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In Rats' Alley

T.S. Eliot: A Memoir

by Robert Sencourt
edited by Donald Adamson
Dodd, Mead & Company, $8.95

IF THERE HAS BEEN a principal conservative thinker in the twentieth century," Russell Kirk has written, "it is T.S. Eliot, whose age this is in humane letters." Poet or conservative, whichever appellation may most please the reader, Eliot did hold an almost undeniable sway over English letters during the last decades of his life. The several Eliot biographies that are now currently awaiting publication are proof of the durability of interest that persists for "The Invisible Poet."

Recently published this winter was Russell Kirk's biography. Having met in the early fifties, Kirk and Eliot would often lunch together at the Garrick Club in London, or meet at Eliot's publishing house on Great Russell Street. Men of similar dispositions and attudes, they became fast friends. Kirk once even tried to entice the venerable old poet to join him on a trip to "Egypt, perhaps, or Cyprus." But Eliot stuck fast to his beloved England, and Kirk lost his "grand chance of achieving immortality by association."

Other biographies about to be published are Bernard Bergonzi's, which Macmillan promises for next year, and T.S. Matthew's, which Harper & Row plans to publish two years from now. Adding to this feast has been the recent publication of the original manuscript of *The Waste Land* which attracted considerable scholarly attention. This annotated edition, complete with Ezra Pound's blue pencil markings and an introduction by the present Mrs. (Valerie) Eliot, will not be ignored (in spite of the expensive coffee table price tag) by any serious Eliot students.

Like Russell Kirk, Robert Sencourt claims in his *Memoir* that he also was an intimate friend of Eliot. What has made his book particularly distinguishing is that Sencourt had met Eliot during the late twenties and therefore he knew Vivienne, Eliot's first wife. Anxious Eliot scholars awaited this book's appearance hoping that Sencourt would reveal previously unknown information on the enigmatic and complex first Mrs. Eliot. Alas, I fear that they are likely to be disappointed.

Sencourt died in 1969, leaving the unfinished manuscript, among his effects to be found by a professor Donald Adamson (of whom we are told nothing) who edited its contents and had this book published. Adamson does tell us in his Foreward that he altered the original manuscript very little, restricting himself to the rearrangement of a few paragraphs and the addition of footnotes for clarity's sake.

The memoir unfortunately was prevented from becoming a complete official biography because of Eliot's expressed wish during his lifetime that no such official biography should be written on him. With this in mind,

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Valerie Eliot felt that she was unable to waiver control over the copyrights Therefore, Sencourt had not been permitted to quote freely from Eliot's published and unpublished materials.

Sencourt first met Eliot in 1927, at Divonne-les-Bains, a place reputed for dealing with nervous disorders. The Eliots were there recuperating from what appears to have been emotional exhaustion. Vivienne's insomnia attacks were increasing and Eliot was growing depressed over the state of his marriage. A decade before, Bertrand Russell had observed that Vivienne was "a person who lives on a knife-edge, and will end as a criminal or a saint." Eliot would struggle with his ill-fated marriage until 1933 when he would abruptly separate from her.

Sencourt argues that *The Waste Land* cannot be fully understood without knowing something of Eliot's first marriage. The point is temptingly believable. Eliot's mood in the poem does seem to suggest, in I.A. Richard's words, a "persistent concern with sex, the problem of our generation, as religion was the problem of the last." It would not be difficult to conclude (especially for the scholar who revels in this sort of pop Freudianism) that Eliot probably transferred some of his private agonies into his poem. Yet, even if we accept Sencourt's point here at face value, we are confronted with the obvious fact that it is on this very important point of information that Sencourt most notably fails to inform us. Sencourt adds little to what had already been previously known about Vivienne. Any reader even faintly acquainted with Eliot's life knows that Vivienne grew progressively unstable during their marriage and her deteriorating condition caused Eliot much pain. Sencourt has not divulged any new information, new insights or refreshing reasons behind Eliot's marriage to a woman whose personality was so obviously different from his.

To return to Divonne-les-Bains, Sencourt, who was suffering from nervous problems, was also a patient there. Eliot and Sencourt were introduced by a doctor who hoped that their common interests would serve the interests of mutual therapy. Both men shared a literary background, a devotion to Catholicism and its traditions in the Church of England, and both were well read in Indian philosophy.

Some of Sencourt's recollections of Eliot throughout their subsequent acquaintanceship will be unsettling to the many who have accepted the "grim" and "prim" image of the poet. Consider, if you will, Eliot as a practical joker. Eliot, it appears, was in the habit of placing "woopee" cushions on the seats of friends and cracking ribald jokes. Eliot's sense of humor, moreover, had a touch of the macabre as well. Often his joking, Sencourt observes, "would also exceed the permitted bounds. It reached its acme one morning when the Fabers found themselves presented with a pair of human ears." This story may lose something in the retelling, but I failed completely to understand how Eliot could ever find such a ghastly presentation to be amusing. If the incident is true, then Eliot might well be among one of the most psychopathologically interesting people since van Gogh.

At times, Sencourt digresses from this anecdotal level to become a literary critic. He makes the rather *ex cathedra* statement that Ezra Pound committed a disservice when he blue-pencilled out about 500 lines from *The Waste Land*, "cutting out among other things a long passage in imitation of Pope." On this passage, Pound had advised Eliot that "Pope has done this so well that you cannot do it better: and if you mean this as a burlesque, you had better suppress it, for you cannot parody Pope unless you can write better verse than Pope — and you can't." Most critics would agree. Additionally, it seems curious that Sencourt would argue for the retention of such lines of astonishing mediocrity as:

Full fathom five your Belistein lies,
Under the flatfish and the squids
Graves Disease in a dead jew's eyes!
When the crabs have eat the lids..."

What possible pleasure could these lines have given that was missed by their absence? Had Sencourt's judgment on the quality of the deleted lines been based upon an inspection of the original *Waste Land* manuscript? It had not. According to Hugh Kenner, Sencourt was not privileged to read the poem before its publication. In my opinion, this section serves only to permit Sencourt to indulge his private fantasies as a literary critic capable of passing judgment on T.S. Eliot's works.

Those diligent detectives who are forever looking for clues to the meaning of *The Waste Land* will find a few tasty morsels of information in this book. Lou, the woman in the "pub" talking boldly of abortion, was suggested to Eliot in 1914 by the rough, crude charwomen he met while living with Vivienne on Crawford Street. The line "Bin gar keine Russin, stamm' aus Latauen, echt deutsch," which has baffled many, was inspired by a Lithuanian girl who amused Eliot by declaring that in spite of her Russian nationality she was a real German.

Readers who had hoped that Sencourt's book would be a sort of Boswellian treatment of the Eliot personality are bound to be disappointed. Sencourt was just not writing that kind of book, nor does it appear that he was capable of doing so. From all appearances, Sencourt seems to have been an intellectual lightweight who could not have written a brilliant and perceptive exposition of Eliot's social and literary thought. Furthermore, the nature of their friendship would not have really permitted this. Sencourt was not in the position to copy down at length Eliot's raw and undistilled wisdoms on a medley of subjects. Their acquaintance lacked the intimacy and affection that characterized the Boswell-Johnson relationship. Hence, Sencourt's book suffers from a certain unevenness of structure and theme. Mixed with his anecdotes and gossipy tidbits are some rather mediocre efforts at literary analysis.

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Moreover, we cannot escape the conclusion that Sencourt perhaps misleads the reader on the warmth and intimacy that Eliot supposedly felt for him. For a friendship that spanned some thirty-seven years, there is lacking the evidence that they maintained close regular contact during most of that time. Too much of Sencourt's information is not taken from Eliot, but rather is gathered through hearsay or his deductions from incidents he heard about. As Hugh Kenner, a critic who has written much of Eliot, flatly states, Sencourt "wasn't privy to as much of the story as he and his posthumous sponsors let on." In Eliot's later years, Kenner observes that Eliot had instructed his secretaries not to admit Sencourt. Why? Sencourt, continues Kenner, was a loquacious bore. If Kenner is correct in his estimate of Sencourt, then Sencourt might have been nothing more than an undesired hanger-on to Eliot. Would such a man make a reliable witness to a man's life?

Eliot's desire for privacy was legendary and his poetry for all his defense of the objective correlative, classicism and tradition was highly personal and was sometimes "very near the limits of coherency." Considering the awful difficulties that critics have encountered when they try to assess Eliot's achievement, Kenner observed in 1959 that "opinion concerning the most influential man of letters of the twentieth century has not freed itself from a cloud of unknowing. He is the Invisible Poet in an age of systematized literary scrutiny, much of it directed at him." However, so long as interest in Eliot endures, there will be many who feel that they must know more of Eliot, the man, in the belief that such knowledge provides a proper understanding of his poetry. Many critics, and wise ones I believe, have warned against this kind of analysis. Kenner argues that such interpretations are based on the Genetic Fallacy that supposes the meaning of the poem is found in the poet's experiences, the books he reads, the women he frequents, and so forth. F.O. Matthiessen has written that to identify a poet's life with what he wrote is "misleading" and "disturbing."

In any case though, Sencourt will not be very helpful to those who engage in this sort of analysis. This book leaves too much of Eliot's life still shrouded in the mystery that originally brought many to it. The same questions seem to persist. Why did Eliot leave his native America to seldom return ever again? Why did his parents object to him spending a year at the Sorbonne? Why did he abruptly give up an academic career after eight years' preparation? And why did he choose to leave Vivienne, his new wife in England, while he visited his parents in America? Also, little is told to clarify the nature of his relationship with his parents. Were there personal reasons, related to his homelife, which compelled Eliot to leave the country? Satisfactory answers to such questions, perhaps, will never be forthcoming, taving been interred seven years ago with the poet.

Although Sencourt has not written a scholar's paradise of information, he has managed to pen a pleasingly written account of Eliot's life. His style, throughout, is lucid and straightforward. The gossipy anecdotes, which please him so, will keep the reader who enjoys that sort of thing from becoming bored. But "The Invisible Poet" is still with us; Sencourt has not contributed to lifting that "cloud of unknowing" which has surrounded him. To me, that is what makes this book such a great disappointment.

The Sporting Life

This Great Game

by Jacques Barzen
Prentice-Hall, $14.95

IT IS FREQUENTLY said that football has become the "national pastime." This is very annoying to us baseball fans, who think baseball is esthetically superior and better for the soul.

Now we at least have a book that helps us explain our prejudices. *This Great Game* is pretty and informative. Its hundreds of splendid photographs are shown through a dozen lively essays. The pictures and essays will be useful in our crusade to keep football in perspective and in its place.

Jacques Barzen, who prefers baseball, describes football as "violence watched from a distance." That description helps explain why the 1960s, which were unkind to many institutions and people, were so kind to football.

In a decade dominated by various forms of mayhem, including the "television war," football gained in popularity and pretensions to the point that its fans began to advertise it as the "real" national pastime, a "now" substitute for the distinctly non-now grace and stateliness of baseball.

The nation's publishers bought the subversive doctrine about football as "the new national pastime," and before long the fans were being supplied with pretty football picture books that weighed about as much as Bubba Smith, and caused coffee tables to groan like injured linemen.

In an unending stream they came, thick, colorful volumes on the quarterback, the running backs, this league and that league, the Super Bowl and the good old days. Now baseball has struck back with an adornment for the thinking man's coffee table.

As a picture book *This Great Game* is a striking success. There are some marvelous old early parks, fans and heroes. Those who cherish memories of the Polo Grounds will especially be interested in the scenes beneath Coogan's Bluff half a century ago. The publishers commissioned Leroy Nieman to do some original action portraits of eight superstars, and the paintings explode with color and energy.

The photographs — hundreds of them — capture the special action, violence, grace and danger of baseball. Together with the essays by eight sportswriters, two novelists, an umpire and a manager, they tell baseball's story, which is that baseball is uniquely pleasing to the eye and mind.

Football, unlike baseball, is a game which can hold the attention of persons who do not know much about it. Twenty-two beefy men mauling one another is as entertaining as a horse opera or a situation comedy. And the better maulings can be re-savored on instant replay if one is watching football on a television screen, for which its compact action is well-suited.

Football fans slouched in front of their television sets, watching flickering images of their well-padded heroes collide, like to say that baseball is not for he-men. But those who think there is no violence in baseball should try to make the double play pivot at second base with Boog Powell rolling in with disruptive malice aforethought.

Those who think baseball is a game without manly danger should stand at the plate while Juan Marichal puts a 110 m.p.h. velocity on a very solid baseball that crosses the plate on a trajectory that seems to begin at third base and passes four inches from one's ribs.

Batting? Nothing to it. You just make solid contact with a round bat (not to exceed 2.75 inches in diameter) on a round ball (2.868 inches in diameter) that is moving over 100 m.p.h. and is rising or dropping, or curving while rising or dropping. If you make solid contact, and the struck ball eludes nine agile men, you get to first base. If you fail to do this only seven out of ten times you are a star. If you fail only sixty per cent of the time, you are a superstar.

True, baseball is not a game of constant action. But if constant action were the standard of sports excellence, the roller derby would be the most excellent sport. And football, which consists of very short convulsions of action followed by much longer committee meetings, would rank somewhere below lawn bowling.

Consider the action in this familiar football sequence. Team A has the ball third-and-two on team B's twenty yard line. Huddle. Plunge off tackle, gaining not quite two yards. Elapsed time, five seconds. Out comes the chain crew for a measurement. No first down for team A, so out comes team A's field goal kicking team and team B's field goal blocking team. The kick is a

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virtually automatic success at twenty yards. Now team A's kickoff specialists jog on to the field, as do team B's kickoff receiving specialists. If team A's kicker does his job well (and he should since it is all he is ever asked to do), he kicks the ball into the end zone where it is prudently downed by team B's specialists at downing balls in end zone. Then both speciality squads leave in a sea of substitutions.

This is the action sport? If one hundred m.p.h. pitches are action, and if huddles and measurements and jogging substitutes are not action, then baseball must have five times more action that football.

The illustrations in *This Great Game* show baseball action at its graceful best. Such action involves a remarkable lot of thinking, and that is where Earl Weaver, manager of the Baltimore Orioles, takes charge. His essay (and it is his; it is not "as told to" anybody) is a chewy, no-nonsense introduction to the thinking that has made him spectacularly successful.

This year four of his pitchers may win twenty or more games (only the 1920 White Sox had four such pitchers) and the Orioles may win one hundred or more games for the third season in a row (a feat matched only by the 1929-31 Athletics). There are those who believe that the Orioles' talent is such that they could win without a manager. Readers of Weaver's essay may decide that the talent looks so good because it is so well managed.

Weaver believes homework is important. He knows exactly how everyone on his team bats against every pitcher in the league. He knows the sacrifice is overated because "statistics show that a man on first with nobody out has a better chance of scoring than a man or second does with one out." And he knows how much of baseball strategy revolves around base running and preventing base running." He insists that "baseball is just a game of common sense" which is no doubt true, just as it is true that, as his record shows, not all common sense is equally common.

Roger Angell's "Baseball in the Mind" is a light masterpiece, a love song to baseball sung by a fan with perfect pitch (no pun intended).

A fine, precise writer, Angell possesses the subtlety which we baseball fans fervently believe derives from extensive scrutiny of baseball.

Baseball, Angell says, "is intensely remembered because only baseball is so intensely watched." He gives an example of intense watching: "The pitcher, immobile on the mound, holds the inert white ball, his little lump of physics. Now, with abrupt gestures, he gives it enormous speed and direction, converting it suddenly into a line, a moving line. The batter, wielding a plane, attempts to intercept the line and acutely alter it, but he fails; the ball, a line again, is redrawn to the pitcher, in the center of this square, the diamond. Again the pitcher studies his task — the projection of his next line through the smallest possible segment of an invisible, seven-sided solid (the strike zone has depth, as well as height and width) sixty feet and six inches away; again the batter considers his even more difficult position, which is to reverse this imminent white speck, to redirect its energy not in a soft parabola or a series of diminishing squiggles but into a beautiful and dangerous new force, a force of perfect straightness and immense distance. In time, these and other lines are drawn, there are on the field; the batter and fielders are also transformed into fluidity, moving and converging, and we see now that all movement in baseball is a convergence toward fixed points — the pitched ball toward the plate, the thrown ball toward the right angles of the bases, the batted ball toward the as yet undrawn but already visible point of congruence either with the ground or a glove. Simultaneously, the fielders hasten toward that same point of meeting with the ball, and both the base runner and the ball, now redirected, race toward their encounter at the base. From our perch we can sometimes see three or four or more such geometries appearing at the same instant on the green board below us and, mathematicians that we are, can sense their solutions even before they are fully drawn. It is neat, it is pretty, it is satisfying. Scientists speak of the profoundly moving esthetic beauty of mathematics, and perhaps the baseball field is one of the few places where the rest of us can glimpse this mystery."

As Angell says, "only baseball, with its statistics and isolated fragments of time, permits so precise a reconstruction from box score and memory." "Because of its pace, and thus the perfectly observed balance, both physical and psychological, between opposing forces, its clean lines can be restored in retrospect. This inner game — baseball in the mind — has no season, but it is best played in the winter, without the distraction of other baseball news."

This book, like its subject, is neat, pretty, satisfying. It captures the pace and balance of baseball and will be enjoyed by fans while they play their private winter baseball. □

George F. Will

Planting People

Agrarian Policies and Problems in Communist and Non-Communist Countries

edited by W.A. Douglas Jackson

University of Washington Press, $15.00

MAN IS ALIENATED from himself if he is not the master of his own labor process and its fruits!" was Marx's ultimate indictment of a social system that interposed private property and market requirements between the worker and his life activity. Where man's labor is controlled by others through the power of employment which property confers, man finds himself estranged from his own productive activity, and his life subject to alien powers. So runs the central justifying thesis of Socialist Revolution. Well, the thesis was wrong. We all know that the system of production without private property they have established in Marx's name has failed to eliminate the root condition about which Marx complained. The industrial worker, Marx's well-nigh exclusive concern, has come no closer to his own labor process and its product in Soviet Russia than in other industrialized countries. What is less known, however, is that the Communists have on their part instituted a new alienation in a branch of production where it did not exist in Marx's time and does not exist in the non-Communist world: the alienation of the peasant, through a system that interposes politico-bureaucratic organization between the tiller and his land. Communist rule, far from bringing about the "realm of freedom," has caused not only the appearance of new crimes but also a new mode of exploitation. While no political resistance should be expected from the embittered peasantry of Russia and China, their enduring passive resistance has thrown agriculture into a state of permanent crisis that is the Achilles heel of Communist management.

This is the thesis developed in depth over a number of years by Karl A. Wittfogel who has thereby made a major contribution to the study of what might be called the "inner contradictions of Communist-run economies." The most pithy and comprehensive statement of his ideas is contained in *Agrarian Policies and Problems in Communist and Non-Communist Countries*. Here are his main points: Throughout recorded history, in all civilizations, successful agriculture has not been essentially based on large farms. Moreover, throughout a wide variety of social systems, farm operations "were not controlled by the state but by a variety of small and large private owners or possessors." What the Communists have done to agriculture thus has "no parallel among the major civilizations of history."

What have the Communists done to agriculture? First, they have forced it into the mold of large, even gigantic units, bureaucratically controlled, in the hope of thereby parallelling the development of industry. Second, they have organized the tillers of land army-like into brigades, "large production brigades," teams and squads, within

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larger command units called collective farms, communes or state farms. Thirdly, after they took the land away from the farmers, they made a concession in granting them small plots for private cultivation but then repeatedly snatched these back, or changed their size, so that this small possession never appeared even as secure as the rights of medieval serfs. Fourth, having removed the main incentive for careful farming, they had to pressure the peasants through political, economic and bureaucratic ways of intimidation which to begin with resulted in the enormous man-made calamities (the famines in Russia of 1931-32 and in China of 1959-61), and then left a permanent regression of agricultural productivity so that both formerly rich countries now must import grain for their own subsistence. Fifth, having inflicted a perennial backwardness on their own agriculture, both regimes have had to adjust their industrial programs so that the Chinese, for one, had to abandon their priority for heavy industry and give preference to industry serving the countryside.

The dogmatic eyes of Communists have been riveted on the "class of the proletariat," industrial labor. Wittfogel points out that in their fixation they overlooked or minimized two basic differences between industrial and farm labor. First, industrial labor can be organized into a continuous stream of small specialized operations, as has been done along the perpetually moving conveyor belt. Farm labor, by contrast, has its nature-appointed times and intervals, and is characteristically performed by tillers each of whom carries on a number of different operations, so that the whole requires a man who personally cares. Thus the prime condition of highly productive agriculture is the loving attitude of peasants, and nothing can procure this attitude as well as the family ownership of the land, a fact which the Chinese acknowledged more than two thousand years ago as the Ch'in rulers introduced private property of land. This was the difference which Marx, Engels, Kautsky and Lenin overlooked as they postulated that "societal development in agriculture is taking the same road as in industry."

Secondly, there is a profound difference between the type of labor-extensive production of grains characteristic of Russia, and the labor-intensive cultivation of such heavily irrigated crops as rice. In Russia, plowing, sowing and reaping can be done by a few and relatively simple operations that lend themselves to a certain degree of large-scale organization, but the second type calls for repeated weedings, transplantings and other variegated operations that must be performed individually. This the Chinese overlooked when, mouthing Stalin's slogans, they proceeded to an accelerated collectivization and semi-military organization not because they felt that their agriculture was ripe for it but solely because they had built sufficient "political strongholds" in the countryside and thus felt confident that they could put the peasants under effective pressure. Compel the farmers they did, but the resulting regression of their agriculture was even worse than that of the Russians. The Chinese developed a permanent "labor shortage," despite the enormous growth of their population. This "labor shortage" simply means that those who live on the land do not devote themselves sufficiently to the tasks that have to be done, and this in the country that prior to Communism had the highest developed art of farming in the world! Finding that peasants under compulsion do not incline to work, the Chinese first mobilized their women, separating them from their family responsibilities and thus turning over daily living functions to the Communes. When this did not remove the "labor shortage," they began to order masses of city folks into the countryside to help with the chores. Now everyone knows that industrialization requires a steady reduction of farm population and the migration of workers from the countryside to the cities. The Chinese have so mismanaged their agricultural patrimony that in their country this process had to

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be reversed and that they had to send mechanics, engineers, students and professionals to handle milk pails on the farm. All the same, even though they largely increased the amount of irrigated land, the total agricultural product failed to go up, and all they could do was, dollar in hand, come shopping for grain in Canada.

No anti-Communist revolutionary upheaval will arise from this state of affairs, though. Under totalitarian rule, even city people find it well-nigh impossible to group together with others of like mind. Among the scattered peasants, such groupings are wholly inconceivable. Their discontent thus will express itself more in sullenness, careless work, poor cooperation and initiative and a brooding resentment of their masters, the Party and bureaucratic cadres. Still, this is not unimportant when one bears in mind that armies usually are composed of farm boys, and that without overabundance of farm products there can be neither industrialization nor sustained warfare. Thank you, Mr. Wittfogel, for having put your finger on the least-known of Communism's "inner contradictions!" □

Gerhart Niemeyer

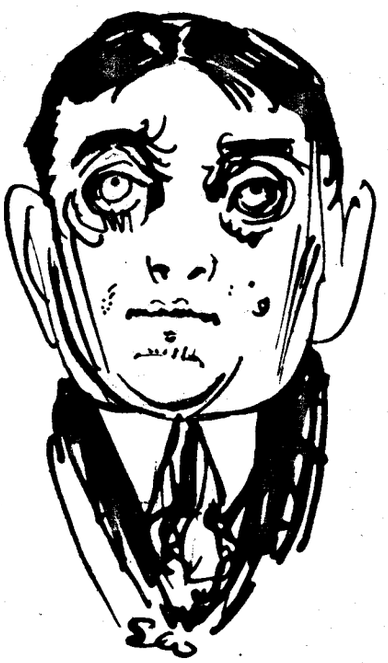
Gerhart Niemeyer is a professor of government at Notre Dame

Darling of the gods

Mencken, Iconoclast from Baltimore

by Donald C. Stenerson
University of Chicago Press, $7.95

H L. MENCKEN, newspaper reporter, magazine editor, political and literary critic, was once called by Walter Lippmann the most influential private citizen of America. But he lived in Baltimore, not New York and not even the inconvenience of commuting to New York for several decades could persuade him to move away.



Professor Stenerson's analysis of Mencken's ideas and prejudices emphasizes the influence of his birthplace. Its southern traditions helped shape his political orientation. The German-American community of Union Square, where he was raised, ingrained in him family pride, common sense and an appreciation of hard work and thrift. Listening to his father discuss the family cigar business made him conscious of belonging to the managerical class and colored his views of labor, business and economics.

This book, which is not a conventional biography, begins with the mature Mencken at the height of his influence as editor of *The American Mercury*. From his editorial chair, as earlier with *The Smart Set* (1914-23), he led the rebellion against the puritanical sham and fake of the nineteenth century's genteel tradition.

Mr. Stenerson then reverts to the formative years of Mencken's boyhood and early newspaper days. Constant exposure to the sprawling lustiness of street life made him appreciative of things American and disdainful of secondhand culture derived from abroad. It laid the ground for his love-hate relation to America.

As a youngster, H.L.M. fancied being a poet; his first book was *Ventures Into Verse* (1903). Mr. Stenerson next treats Mencken's experiments in short story writing, in a chapter which first appeared in *Mencekniana*, the quarterly published by the Enoch Pratt Free Library. While drama critic on the Baltimore *Morning Herald*, Mencken wrote the first book on George Bernard Shaw to appear in this country (1905). This was followed by the introduction to United States readers of the German philosopher Nietzsche, to whom he felt akin, although Mr. Stenerson holds that Social Darwinism permeates his views.

Yet the Herr Professor (as H.L.M. would have called him) holds that Mencken was neither an original nor a systematic thinker. "His prejudices were the themes of his art, not the building blocks of a coherent system.... Just as we think we have grasped the quintessential Mencken, another and contradictory phase of his thought emerges." And what an amazingly wide range he encompassed: politics, literature, music, linguistics, the social and natural sciences and metapnysics.

Throughout his career Mencken maintained certain basic beliefs and attitudes. Yet at times, Mr. Stenerson points out, "his theoretical determinism was at odds with his faith in individual initiative, his libertarianism, and his belief that the small group of truth-seekers can bring about a limited kind of progress. His social and political views ranged from conservatism to Jeffersonian liberalism to distrust of democracy.

Mencken made no pretense of being consistent. As an expert at controversy he enjoyed being attacked. He may well be the only author who ever obtained royalties by collecting and republishing the brickbats hurled at him (in his book entitled *Menckeniana, a Schimpflexicon*).

What are Mencken's most enduring contributions to American culture? Mr. Stenerson believes they are his affirmation of the right to dissent, and the gusto and artistry with which he expressed his prejudices.

"The unimaginative and ignoble man," Mencken maintained, "likes the grayness, as a worm likes the dark; he wants to be made secure in his wallow; he craves certanties to protect him — a simple and gross religion, safety for his precious money, no wild ideas to craze his wife. Prohibition, the rope for agitators no bawdy twanging of lyres. It is the business of the artist to blast his contentment with the sounds of joy." How rich a legacy Mencken bestowed by this identical bawdy twanging of his own lyre.

This is a challenging book, full of controversial views and deductions and it will really stir up the Menckenites.

Betty Adler

Betty Adler is the editor of Menckeniana, *a journal concerned with H.L. Mencken which can be ordered by writing the Enoch Pratt Free Library, Baltimore, Maryland, and her work has appeared in the Baltimore Evening Sun.*

CORRESPONDENCE

To the Editor:

In 1930 I arrived at Kent State, wide-eyed and innocent, a true-believer in God and Man. Within six months a group of faculty Fagins had converted me into a raving radical, who shouted God is dead and the establishment doomed.

Not much has changed in academe since then. Most effective activists still lean to the left. Ohio State's late "Alternatives Committee," which had liberal solutions to everything, used to publish the names of its 150 members in the Lantern. Our conservative faculty activists could meet anytime in a telephone booth.

It's much the same with student bodies. Young liberals (or radiclibs) control most student governments for the simple reason that they act to support their beliefs.

Campus liberals do their homework well. They constantly plot, meet, write, speak, campaign and elect — exerting power far beyond their numbers.

Campus conservatives have no clout. Though actually the majority (as proved by Ohio State University Poll results), they sit in the grandstands of life and let the liberals run with the ball.

I admire campus liberals. I do not admire campus conservatives, who expect to ride the freedom train forever without paying a fare. They do not plot, meet, write, speak or elect anyone. They seem to think democracy is a spectator sport.

Now this traditional slanting of academe

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would be fine if colleges and universities were unilaterally autonomous. They aren't, however, and the ivied walls keep cracking from coast to coast.

The April OSU Alumni Monthly was devoted to this single question: "Are Americans losing faith in their Colleges?" The answer was largely yes.

McGeorge Bundy, liberal president of the Ford Foundation, recently predicted that society will not forever support parasitic appendages that seem dedicated to destroy it.

Columnist Malcolm Mugeridge sees danger in the fact that most effective communicators (on campus and in the mass media) have "an anarchic, death-wishing temperament, with its built-in passion to be on the losing side."

Be this as it may, no one can deny that academe now lives in a goldfish bowl. In state after state the people and their legislatures are up in arms, scaling the ivory towers to squint inside. Waves of campus chaos have washed this ultimatum onto the academic beach: "Heal thyself or else!"

The answer, it seems to me, is for the academy to start presenting both sides of the American dream. As the liberals keep telling us, we still have lots of unfinished business, lots of poverty and injustice. But the big news about this nation is that we have less poverty and injustice than any other ever known. The old intellectual discipline of perspective should compel us to emphasize this truth.

Most perceptive students and alumni can recall at least a dozen professors who preached and practiced the liberal line. Few can name even one conservative.

If academe is to regain credibility, its long-silent majority of faculty and students must get into the act and end domination by the small, dedicated minorities who work to win. Then, perhaps, we shall be spared the spectacle of "student leaders" elected by less than five per cent.

As America nears its 200th birthday it stands alone in human history, with more freedom, food, clothes and shelter than the average family has ever known.

Somebody, somehow, must have done something rather right in this land.

I think it's time to tell that story.

Walt Seifert.
Columbus, Ohio

To the Editor:

Send no more of your trashy magazines to Richard Walker, 707 Elm Street, Belpre, Ohio 45714. In other words cancel this subscription as of today!

Thank you,
Richard Walker
Belpre, Ohio

To The Editor:

It was refreshing to read a review of B.F. Skinner's **Beyond Freedom and Dignity** which represented Prof. Skinner in some other manner than as a savior or tormentor. Fred Corbin treats the work as the result of scientific thinking, perhaps erroneous, but certainly not evil. BF & D is certainly lucid and internally consistent; perhaps thinking, argument, and debate carried on with the same respect and understanding demonstrated by Mr. Corbin's review will provide some more acceptable reply to Prof. Skinner than the usual inanities used to "refute" him.

Roger Rosenblat's article (also in the Feb. '72 **Alternative**) is also to be commended for its wit, forthrightness, and logic. Such articles redeem **The Alternative** from what would be an existence as an often funny but usually only slightly interesting journal full of empty contentiousness and reflex conservatism. . . .At least you are there.

Peace and/or prosperity,
James McGuinness
Chicago, Illinois

To the Editor:

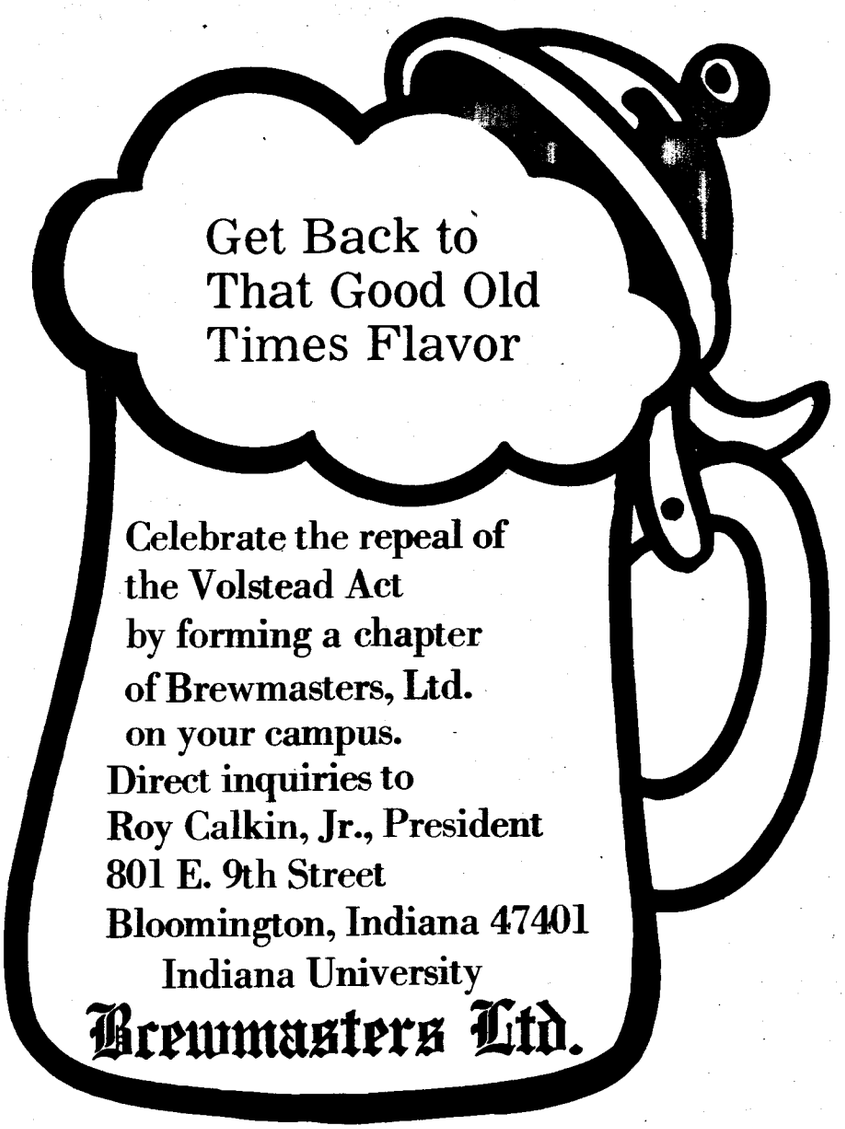
Permit me to commend you for publishing Tom Milstein's article. It is the most clearheaded argument for socialism that I have read. His argument on behalf of labor union organization seems irrefutable.

Best regards,
Brent Nelson
Athens, Ohio

To the Editor:

I appreciated Marshall Jay's notes on Mr. Nixon's Budget (March). For the answer to his question about the Republican Party, I suggest he start with this quotation from p. 42 of **The Budget in Brief:** "The Federal debt is largely an internal debt, owed by the Nation primarily to its own citizens. In a very real sense, then, we owe the debt to ourselves." Harry Hopkins, thou should'st be living at this hour!

Faithfully,
Gordon S. Jones
Alexandria, Va.



BLOOMING HARVARDS

(continued from page 4)

informed rather than indoctrinated. Fortunately, Jefferson was a Liberator. Although a convinced republican who greatly admired the historical writings of the Real Whig Paul Rapin, Jefferson insisted that the University be open to the "wrongheaded" historical interpretations of a David Hume. Jefferson's admirable educational goal, liberation of the mind, could be successfully applied only when there was a commitment to inform not indoctrinate. Such a commitment presupposes that the university is a collective of disinterested scholars pursuing their separate paths to truth. This ideal is at best approachable, but not reachable.

In recent years the gap between the ideal and the real has noticeably widened with an understandable response of disgust from the public. Of course another reason for the failure of this first promised salvation resides in the growing democratization of higher education. Jefferson never intended that college training should be offered to all, regardless of talent.

For America's egalitarians, this selective higher education smacks of racism or elitism —bad beginnings for a participatory democracy. Partly as a result of their special pleadings America now has mass higher education which generally wouldn't compare favorably with English public schools: at the State University of New York, Old Westbury Campus courses are offered in "the

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The Bootblack Stand

Dr. George Washington Plunkitt, our prize-winning political analyst, has just completed a penetrating study of the last Congolese election. Published in August, it focuses on the unique position of minority groups in the Congolese electoral process; it can be purchased in all bookstores. It is titled *Escape! A New Demand Response System*. Now, through this column, the distinguished Dr. Plunkitt has agreed to advise American statesmen in this time of troubles. Address all correspondence to The Bootblack Stand, The Establishment, R.R. 11, Box 360, Bloomington, Indiana 47401, Continental U.S.A.

Dear Mr. Plunkitt:

I am the President of the United States of America and as such it is my responsibility to all Americans, male and female, to get myself re-elected in 1972. Now what I really need, it seems to me, is one of those moving election year biographies that instill devotion amongst my supporters, befuddlement amongst my opponents and, amongst the voters, an itch to pull my lever — in other words, I need a potboiler. I know that you are, shall we say, in deep with the literati of the political world, and I was hoping that you could provide some suggestions regarding an author for such a biography. It might not be ethical for me to pay you for your advice, but I would not be surprised that, were you to tender me a suggestion, you might receive, say, a year's supply of Sheraton Hotel bath towels — the real fluffy kind.

Cordially,
Richard. M. Nixon, President

Dear Mr. President:

You have come to the right man. I have a fellow in mind who not only is enormously capable of turning a short story into a novel, but he also is under criminal indictment in New York and hence about to become an authentic American patriot in the eyes of the nattering nabobs — as they say. His last literary achievement got him indictments from federal and local grand juries on charges ranging from mail fraud to perjury and forgery. In sum he has snatched the vast sympathies of all right-thinking Americans. It will be a magnificent coup for you to have this man write your biography just as he is about to become the darling of *The New York Review of Books*. And you can get him for a price. As for my pay, just get me the same accommodations Senator Hartke has on those I.T.T. jets.

—GWP

Dear Dr. Plunkitt:

Now that I have pulled out of the race for the presidency what should I do?

Uneasily,
Vance Hartke, Senator

Dear Senator Vance:

I must be slipping up. What presidency are you talking about? What race? I was not aware that you were running for anything this year. Nevertheless if you are looking for something to do in the immediate future may I suggest that you run for the presidency of the United States. Of course I would not suggest that you run seriously, but you could sort of serve as the Democrats' equivalent to the Republicans' Pat Paulson.

—GWP

Craft of Sewing," "Candle Making," "Guitar Country Blues," "Afro Dances" and "Verbal and Non-Verbal Conversation" while at Ohio University freshman English classes (traditionally identified across the country as flunk-out courses) eighty per cent of the students are given A's or B's. The trend has progressed such that I can assert without significant fear of contradiction that any high school graduate, no matter how limited his background or abilities, can find some accredited college which for four years will take his money.

This growing egalitarianism in undergraduate education is no immediate threat to the nation's well-being. Most liberal arts, education or business graduates don't slice you up on an operating table, issue writs of *certiorari* or construct thermonuclear devices. Unless the graduate and professional schools are overwhelmed by the marching hordes the system maintenance function will continue.

Granted that the universities can't deliver to mass man, on their "spiritual and intellectual enlightenment" promise, what about the other two promised salvations; upward mobility and increased income? These matters can be quickly dispatched by the obvious generalization that their hope of fulfillment will decline in direct proportion to the increase in college enrollment. In something of a modified Gresham's Law, mass higher education will tend to devalue all higher education. This will bring a reduction in the status of those possessing a college degree and not coincidentally will reduce the monetary advantage of possessing a diploma. This second loss exists because the percentage of white collar jobs in business and industry which directly require specific college training is rather small. In the past business has demanded college trained men and women, not because of any special expertise they possessed, but rather because the baccalaureate degree supposedly identified a relatively intelligent and persistent individual. In short the university served the society as a certifying agency. Today the university "certifies" a number far larger than that number which reason and evidence tells us can be "relatively intelligent and persistent."

Consequently the decline in prestige and demand for the college graduate is upon us. The growing public awareness of these realities, combined with public annoyance at collegiate mischief has now resulted in a more critical public attitude toward the university. Correspondingly there is more than a little gnashing of teeth within the university's not so ivied halls.

The universities haven't yet experienced their most crushing blow — the combination of overproduction of college instructors and the decline in enrollments due to falling birth rates after 1961. That *bete noir* will arrive around 1978. Ah, but that's another story. □

John Kelley teaches history at Ohio University at Portsmouth.

Due to ...

lack of space we were unable to include biographical material on last month's contributors. **John Moscow,** *who wrote the cover story on the world's prettiest mayor, is a graduate of the University of Chicago. He is currently studying law at Harvard.* **Peter P. Witonski** *and* **Douglas W. Cooper** *are also from Harvard — Witonski teaches in the Government Department and Cooper is a graduate student in physics.* **Dan Joy** *is an aide to Congressman Derwinski (R-Ill.) and* **Dr. John D. King** *practices medicine in Rockford, Illinois.*

George Charles Roche III *is serving his first year as President of Hillsdale College and* **John P. East** *is a professor of political science at East Carolina University.* **Kevin S. Olson** *is a student at the University of California at San Diego.* **David Brudnoy,** *a frequent contributor to* **The Alternative,** *is professor in the Boston area and* **Jerry Gerde** *is Mr. Tyrrell's legal advisor in Florida.* **Dr. Edward A. Hacker** *is an associate professor in the Department of Philosophy and Religion at Northeastern University.*

—George Nathan

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"Whom the gods destroy they first make mad." –Euripides

CAUCASIAN AWARENESS

From Louisiana comes word of idealism and reform to rouse the apathy down in the zoo:

David Duke, leader of the National Party, has a philosophy: "If we don't believe the Negroes are equal — and what a laugh that is — then we ought to stand up and say it." He chooses to promote these beliefs through such demonstrations as Friday night's parade from City Hall to Jackson Square. "We're not here just to be against the Negroes — we're here because we love our race."

"You can boil down the problems (of the country) into two words — news and niggers. Every great institution and American tradition is being attacked and is being attacked and is being befouled by these people who are determined to destroy this country."

— The Tulane Hullabaloo

SEX EDUCATION TRIUMPHANT

In case you were puzzled as to why Mr. Nixon's pandas took so long in leaving the Celestial Empire:

In fact, the President told *The Star*, one reason for the delay in the pandas' trip to the United States was that young pandas do not know instinctively how to mate. Therefore, they were kept in the Peking Zoo to watch adult pandas.

— The New York Times

THE HORRORS OF BRAIN DRAIN

The following advertisement for a television spectacular on Red China proves once again that Madison Avenue is modern America's most colossal achievement. But prithy do pause for a moment of meditation on what is becoming a frightening brain drain, if adology continues to grow there will not be a garbage collector left in New York:

Tonight the inscrutable Orient becomes a little more scrutable.

For the past twenty-two years, China nas known practically everything about America. While America has known practically nothing about China.

And the less we've known, the more we've imagined. And the more we've imagined, the more we've been afraid.

Tonight's program, "China, An Open Door?" offers us all a unique opportunity to begin to know the unknowable.

—New York Times

THE MARXIAN WHO BROUGHT THEM TOGETHER

An inspiring symbiosis of academic freedom and the free enterprise system was recently discovered strutting on our eastern seaboard when one Yale professor, Kenneth Ian Leighton Mills ("a popular, black Marxist philosophy teacher," etc.), was caught flagrante delicto moonlighting at the State University of New York, Stony Brook — a grave breach of Yale's faculty regulations.

Though the popular young Marxian socialist was suspended for one year from Yale (thus denying him his $13,000 salary from Yale) he will continue to receive his $26,000 for teaching a course in poverty at Stony Brook, for he has tenure there.

And now there is a move afoot amongst the more idealistic Yale faculty members to reinstate the popular young Marxian socialist over the objections of Yale President Brewster who has judged as spurious the argument made by some of Dr. Mills' friends that "because the faculty member involved is black and publicly or ideologically controversial he should therefore be held to a lower standard of ethical responsibility."

Indeed the whole gorgeous episode possesses a peculiar glamour that is bound to warm the hearts of the American Association of University Professors at the same time that it encourages the members of the Chamber of Commerce, and it is not over yet as the illustrious New York Times **reports:**

Indeed, some of Professor Mills' defenders maintain that precisely because he is not a member of the Yale "inner circle" and because he is a scholarly, sophisticated Marxist, the university should make certain it does not lose him.

They note that Staughton Lynd, the Marxist historian, resigned from the Yale faculty in 1968 because, he charged, he had no chance of receiving tenure. They fear that Professor Mills' one year suspension will result in his going elsewhere.

"I think that in a day when the President of the United States goes to China to talk with Mao Tse-tung and Chou En-lai, it behooves a great university to have a competent Marxist scholar around," commented Professor Gallston, who visited China last spring. "We are going to have to bridge these two worlds."

I don't think that anyone thought about the students — what they are losing from this," said the Rev. William Sloan Coffin, Jr., the university's activist chaplain, noting that no one will be teaching Professor Mills' courses on concepts of revolution and social change.

"The need for institutional rectitude was given priority over an individual's need for forgiveness and restoration," Mr. Coffin added. "And this need for institutional rectitude reflected an unwarrated insecurity at Yale."

— The New York Times

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— The Nation

OUT OF HER DEPTH

Ms. Anne Baxter, frogwoman and confident of Clifford Irving, candidly displys a first-rate intellect, oozing with the awareness and sophistication that comes only to the truly liberated modernist:

Clifford Irving told me about all his marriages, all four of them, and surprisingly enough described details of his life, particularly his private life, in such a way that I knew and still believe he is unusually interested in me as a person.

It is strange that something as sincere and as lasting as this interest between Cliff Irving and myself could come out of a hotel swimming pool acquaintanceship. He came to me as a student — as a tall, slender, handsome, mature man who wanted to learn how to use scuba equipment safely and correctly. Within a few days we each felt as if we had known each other many years. We said this to each other, I remember.

— Chicago Tribune

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CONTINUING CRISIS

(continued from page 2)

ican representative at what have come to be called the Paris Peace Talks announced other plans. Back in the States, the illustrious name of I.T.T. has been pummeled about first by columnist Jack Anderson and now by Senator Fulbright. Senator Kennedy and his colleagues investigated the woman who started it all, Mrs. Dita Beard, in her Denver hospital bed where she had been drying out. After collapsing under Mr. Kennedy's assault, her doctors ordered the Senators to stay out of her room for at least six months. Finally on March 29 Senator Scott taxonomically categorized the I.T.T. investigation as "political jackassery."

● Controversial author, Mr. Clifford Irving, his alleged wife, and his alleged research assistant were indicted for criminal prosecution, and on March 13 they pleaded guilty.

● In religious news, Mr. Richard Bentley, a mortician from Alexandria, Virginia picked out his own coffin, signed his own death certificate and then retired to his bathroom to hang himself. South Africa's Minister of Immigration, C. P. Mulder, told Parliament that atheists are not acceptable as immigrants to that country, and Pope Paul proclaimed the Apostle Paul, the survivor of three shipwrecks, the patron saint of skindivers and frogmen. A "Jews for Jesus" movement has been organized in New York, and San Francisco's Glide Memorial Methodist Church will sign on Rabbi Abraham L. Trinberg as "Rabbi in residence."

● Political prisoners also made headlines. The Harrisburg Seven trial was wrapped up and sent to the jury. Testimony got underway in the trial of beautiful and smart Angela Davis. And Brushy Mountain State Prison officials have barred Mr. Jerry Ray, the brother of Mr. James Earl Ray, from the prison for smuggling a letter which he allegedly mailed to the *Knoxville News-Sentinel* or possibly to *The New York Review of Books*.

● It was on March 16 that Mr. Nixon proclaimed a "moratorium" on further court-ordered busing. Senator Hartke supposedly dropped out of the race for the Democratic presidential nomination, and the Beatles' Fan Club, Ltd. folded, as did the marriage of Mr. Tiny Tim and his lovely wife, Miss Vicky. According to the Communist Youth League newspaper, one ambulance call in three is to service a Russian drunk. Our own National Commission on Marijuana and Drug Abuse called for easing penalties for using — but not for merchanting — cannabis, and the IRS reports that the Georgia moonshine industry is the most prosperous in the nation. From the world of high finance comes word that Bangladesh has nationalized all heavy industry, including jute and sugar.

● But the growth of repression and fascism continues in Amerika where New York Congressman Ogden Reid was driven by scruple to depart the increasingly conservative Republican Party and cast his lot with the more modernistic Democrats. Disneyland continues its harrassment of hippies, and democratic process was struck a death blow by the reactionary Senate when it rejected, 46 to 42, a visionary bill that would have enabled citizens to register to vote by simply returning a post card sent out by the Census Bureau. Alas! □

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